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THE WAR.

IF an armistice is concluded in the next few days, the military as well as the political situation of France will be so entirely changed that the slight events of the present week are hardly worth mentioning. The most important are the taking of Dijon by General WERDER, and the recapture of Le Bourget by the Germans last Sunday. Provincial France has done less than nothing in the last few days. The Army of the Loire continues to hide itself in modest obscurity. A large force is said to be gathering near or at Le Mans, of the material of which good judges think highly. They are brave, sturdy, uncorrupted youths from the West, ready to fight for their country, not ill-armed, and only wanting discipline and a general. The latter want seems to press as hard on France as ever. General CAMBRIELS has been superseded, and General BOURBAKI has been driven, it is said, to tender his resignation. He is too fresh from Metz not to have some suspicion of treachery attached to him in the minds of those who see treachery in every military disaster. Perhaps he would not be sorry to resign the office of merely nominal power assigned to him. He has issued a proclamation stating that he is thinking of organizing an army to relieve Mézières and the other fortresses of the North that are, or may be, in peril. But he must be fully aware of the difficulty of the task he proposes to himself now that he has to operate against two corps of the victorious besiegers of Metz, in addition to the German troops by whom the North was previously threatened. The fate of Dijon is principally important because it shows that, despite the utmost efforts which France and the Garibaldians can make in the East, the invaders can march very much where they please, and command success in one place even if they do not think the resistance threatened in another is worth the effort to subdue it that it would cost them. Prince FREDERIC CHARLES, it is announced, is in person to march southwards, occupying a middle line of advance between the armies of Von DER TANN and General WERDER. GARIBALDI has been interviewed by an English Correspondent at Dôle, and has, it appears, arrived at the conclusion that he can be of no real use. He is not supported with any earnestness by the Government, or by the leaders with whom he is supposed to be acting in concert. He has a few thousand troops of all nationalities under his command, but his independent and isolated efforts can make little impression on any army like that which will now be under Prince FREDERIC CHARLES, and he declines to summon his old comrades to join him in an enterprise that can lead to nothing. He is himself prepared to fight it out; and the death to which he is said to be looking forward would perhaps not be unwelcome to him. The conclusion of an armistice might, however, possibly give him an honourable opportunity of retiring. He would scarcely think himself bound to fight for France unless he was at the same time fighting for a Republic; and he is, it may be guessed, quite as well aware as any one that the Government of Tours is right in supposing that the days of its official existence will be numbered directly France meets to review its position, act for itself, and determine its own future.

The details of the surrender of Metz have, however, been of so high an interest that their study has furnished quite enough for a week's consideration. That a fortress of the very first class, never attacked, and stowed with ammunition in more than abundance, should be surrendered, together with 173,000 Frenchmen, to a German force of about the same strength, is the most astonishing event of modern military history, and it is only natural that Frenchmen should indignantly inquire and clamorously demand how it can have happened. Treachery is the solution to which they instinctively lean; and there can be little doubt

that BAZAINE strongly disapproved of the institution of the Republic, and has been trying since the fall of Sedan to bring about a state of things in which he should be able to use his army not so much to the confusion of the enemy as to give him the political mastery over his country. Whether he was right or wrong in this, it will be easier for Frenchmen to decide when they can calmly survey, as a whole, all the wonderful history of the last three months. But there can be no doubt that, whatever his political views may have been, BAZAINE was under such difficulties at last that he could not help surrendering. The tale of famine was true. Partly, no doubt, the starvation was owing to mismanagement. The officers were abundantly supplied with food, and even with luxuries, while the soldiers were starving. Impartial eye-witnesses have described the condition of many of the private soldiers after the capitulation, and they saw soldiers too weak, from want of food, to be fit for a serious struggle with German troops. The provisions in the town, if shared equally between the civilians, the garrison, and the army outside, might have enabled Metz to hold out a little longer. The defenders of Metz had by no means arrived at their last crust. They never got near eating their boots, as plenty of determined men when besieged have done before them. But there had been some deaths from sheer starvation, and a commander has always a frightful responsibility to assume when he really drives a large body of civilians as well as soldiers to their last crust. The time had come, future historians will probably conclude, when BAZAINE took the best course for his country by surrendering. A besieged force may last, even in a very weakened state, until it is relieved; and if BAZAINE had had the remotest prospect of being relieved, he might and would, we may suppose, have held on until the last chance was gone. But the very most that BAZAINE could have done was to detain at Metz the forces of Prince FREDERIC CHARLES a few days longer; and it is very hard to say that the end would have been worth the sacrifice it would have cost. It must be remembered that, if BAZAINE is accused of treachery by the Provisional Government, he in return may say that from the 4th of September to the 29th of October they never raised even the semblance of an army to relieve him, or interrupted the enemy's communication, or gave him any aid whatever. He was left by them to shift entirely for himself, and this put him in a totally different position from that in which he would have been if he had to make efforts and undergo sacrifices in order to meet the outstretched arm of succouring France.

Famine, again, was not the only difficulty which BAZAINE had to face. It is evident that his army was in a state of utter disorganization. The soldiers accused the officers of entire neglect of duty, the officers accused the soldiers of unwillingness to fight. Both officers and soldiers distrusted their commanders. Once more it comes to light that the real cause of the disasters of France is that the army was thoroughly rotten. The EMPEROR has written a most curious pamphlet, giving his version of the history of the war down to the catastrophe of Sedan; and it has this degree of credit to be attached to it that to no one is the story, as he tells it, so disgraceful as to himself. His account of things is that he knew nothing whatever of the real state of the army, that he had no notion how many troops he could reckon on, and that he was in total ignorance of the wretched state of every department of military organization. These were the circumstances under which he pushed France into a war which on any theory could have been easily avoided. The wildest believer in the view that Prussia was the real aggressor must allow that, if this summer the EMPEROR had wished for peace in order to get his army into better order, he could have been sure of peace. He who had been entrusted for eighteen years with

the fortunes of France, and had been especially earnest for some years in preaching the necessity of military preparations, owns that he set out on a great campaign without any acquaintance whatever with the strength and resources of his army. When he got to Metz he meant to cross the Rhine and try to separate Northern from Southern Germany, and then, by a brilliant victory, secure the alliance of Italy and Austria. But he found that he had no means whatever of getting to the scene of this brilliant victory. The troops at his disposal were not nearly numerous enough for such an undertaking, and they were so badly supplied that he could not move them. While he was waiting, the Germans attacked him, and defeated his best troops at Forbach and Wörth; and what inspired him with the greatest apprehension was to find that these troops, the veterans of his army, were so demoralized by defeat that they diffused the worst possible spirit through all that portion of the army with which they came in contact. Then the EMPEROR felt really beaten, and he wanted to go to Paris to restore something like a Central Government, and see what could be done to save himself or his dynasty. But the EMPRESS and the Ministry would not let him come. Nothing that has been revealed to us of the secret history of the last few months can be more surprising than this, that the EMPEROR who was thought to be all-powerful suffered himself to be prevented from coming to Paris by his wife and a clique of Court nominees. But this is not all. He wished, and so did MACMAHON, after the defeats of the 16th and 18th of August, that MACMAHON's army should retire at once to defend Paris. MACMAHON protested earnestly against the absurd plan of a march round by Sedan to relieve Metz. But he and the EMPEROR were overruled. They were actually forced, by a set of incompetent women, civilians, and fourth-rate officials at Paris, to lead the only army France had yet left to what they rightly believed to be certain destruction. It would be curious to know whether the EMPEROR still thinks himself his uncle over again. He has fallen, and in his fall may claim some pity and even respect; but no one knew how far he had fallen until he himself told the tale.

LORD GRANVILLE ON ENGLISH NEUTRALITY.

LORD GRANVILLE'S last Note to Count BERNSTORFF will not silence angry Germans, but it will satisfy the consciences of Englishmen whose convictions may have been shaken by persistent and confident clamour. There is too much reason to fear that the unfriendly language of the North-German press indicates a desire on the part of the Ministers, not necessarily to fasten a quarrel on England, but to keep the pretext for a quarrel open. It is curious to observe, in the communications of intelligent English Correspondents with the German army, the unavoidable influence of the society in which they live. It is natural that they should be anxious for a change in neutral policy which would render their own temporary position more agreeable or more tolerable. They constantly suggest with entire good faith the expediency of propitiating German feeling by a prohibition of the export of arms to France, at the same time that their French colleagues are almost inclined to share in the popular belief that the English Government and press are venal instruments of BISMARCK. Even the munificent contribution to the wants of the sick and wounded, of which the Germans have received the larger share, affords an opportunity for ill-nature and insolence. "A quarter of a million," said a German officer to an English newspaper Correspondent, "is a fair percentage on the profit which your countrymen may derive from the sale of arms. The English are an honest people, and they pay their conscience-money punctually." It is in fact impossible that the profits of the Birmingham gun-makers can have approached the amount which has been voluntarily contributed to relieve the miseries of war; and in the matter of neutrality the English conscience has no cause for remorse or reparation. Lord GRANVILLE, who in all his published despatches has fully justified the choice which placed him in the Foreign Office, has completed in his reply to Count BERNSTORFF a more conclusive argument than it often falls to the lot of a diplomatist to address to an opponent. Having courteously acknowledged Count BERNSTORFF's retraction of his demand for benevolent neutrality, Lord GRANVILLE answers the plausible inferences which had been deduced from the precedents of Denmark and Spain. In both cases the prohibition of the export of arms was issued in accordance with treaties; but it must be admitted that Count BERNSTORFF has established the correctness of his assertion that a prohibition by Order in Council is not

necessarily universal. The objection of the Duke of WELLINGTON to the export of arms to Greece during the War of Independence is not an authoritative precedent, because it was at the time overruled by his colleagues. The inquiries instituted by the Government into the particular cases which were represented by Count BERNSTORFF to the Foreign Office appear to have been undertaken for the information of the Government; and Lord GRANVILLE explains that the answers to the North-German Ambassador's remonstrances were only common forms suggested by courtesy. Corrections of the exaggerated statements which were circulated in Germany might, if they had been accepted, have tended to allay an irritation which was in any case unfounded. Lord GRANVILLE once more reminds Count BERNSTORFF that Count PALIKAO announced that 40,000 rifles had been purchased, not in England, but in a foreign country, which may probably have been America. No such order had at the time been received in England, although it would probably have been executed if the contract had been made.

Lord GRANVILLE shows sound judgment in referring lightly, though in a significant tone, to the flagrant inconsistency of the demeanour of the North-German Government to the United States and to England. The American PRESIDENT has in his Proclamation of Neutrality declared that the trade with belligerents in munitions of war is perfectly legal, and American citizens have not been slow in availing themselves of the opportunity; yet the North German Government is on the closest terms of intimacy with the United States, while its organs are incessantly abusing England. The exclusive resentment cultivated by the Americans against England on account of the neutrality which was shared by all Europe had afforded an earlier proof that national ill-will is more often the cause than the consequence of the indignation which is supposed to have been provoked by insult or injury.

The injustice of the American people was practically explained by their disappointment at the supposed absence of sympathy for the North during the Civil War. The Germans have no similar excuse for their unreasonable vituperation of England. Mr. Von SYBEL, indeed, who is entitled to attention as an instructive historian and as an eloquent and courageous member of the Prussian House of Deputies, complains that many English journals have deprecated the retention by the conquerors of Alsace and Lorraine. A patriotic German has every right to dispute the soundness of an opinion which has undoubtedly been expressed by many English writers and speakers; but Mr. Von SYBEL is mistaken in the belief that the misfortunes of France have disturbed the conviction of sound political reasoners that the cause of Germany is essentially just. The anticipation that the annexation of the border provinces will render future wars more probable may or may not be fulfilled. The doubts which have been expressed of the expediency of the transfer are suggested by regard for the interests of Germany as well as of France. As it is now certain that any warning of the kind will be disregarded, it is the general opinion in England that France ought to submit to an inevitable sacrifice. Mr. Von SYBEL ought not to attribute to the great body of educated Englishmen the caprice of a few flighty sentimentalists, or the malignant folly of the turbulent rabble of the streets and of the revolutionary clubs. The main current of English sympathy has from first to last run uniformly in the direction of the German cause. The wanton provocation offered by the Germans themselves to England in speech and in writing has fortunately only reached its objects in casual fragments.

The disposition to impose fresh restrictions on neutrals which had arisen from the general anxiety to conciliate America has been seasonably checked by later experience. The doctrine of benevolent neutrality which was implicitly contained in half Mr. SEWARD's despatches was reduced to an absurdity as soon as it was definitely propounded by Count BISMARCK. It is now seen that the neutral who accepts fresh obligations furnishes a capacious belligerent with additional pretexts for remonstrance and for quarrel. If Count BERNSTORFF's general demand had been conceded, every box of rifles which might have been shipped at an English port would have been liable to serve as the foundation of another *Alabama* controversy. The presumption that the neutral is in his right when he has not committed some positive wrong has of late been imperceptibly shifted to the side of the belligerent. The Germans engaged in the war with France, well knowing that the law and practice of all nations allowed of trade between neutrals and belligerents, limited only by the risk of capture on the open sea or by the right of blockade. Every proposition in the law of nations which was not modified at the Congress of Paris in 1856 was virtually re-enacted; and

yet it never occurred to the Prussian Government, then recently responsible for the export of arms to Russia, that it would be just or expedient to introduce the exceptions on which Count BERNSTORFF is now instructed to insist. Between the peace of 1856 and the recent rupture the American Civil War had intervened, and it was notorious that among the reasonable and unreasonable demands advanced by the Northern States, the prohibition of the sale of munitions of war by neutrals had never been included. If the North-German Government or any great Power had in time of peace proposed an alteration of the law, it might have been dispassionately considered; but as soon as the war commenced, a change obviously disadvantageous to one of the belligerents became wholly impossible. The same principle had been maintained by England and France when the American Government, after the outbreak of war, tendered the adhesion to the resolutions of 1856 which it had previously withheld. The European Powers were committed to the suppression of privateering among themselves, and they had invited the United States to adopt the same rule; but it was rigidly held that the Confederates were entitled to the benefit of the law as it existed at the moment of the rupture. The refusal of the English Government to modify the law in favour of the North was never afterwards represented, even by Mr. SEWARD or Mr. SUMNER, as a ground of complaint. It is true that Count BERNSTORFF asks, not for an alteration of the municipal law of England, but for an application of the powers of the Government to a purpose which would be beneficial to Germany and disadvantageous to France; but his request not long since seemed to himself to require the support of the doctrine of benevolent neutrality, and it could not be conceded without a departure from an impartial policy. Having strictly discharged all neutral duties, and having given its sympathies to the just cause of Germany, England might have hoped to be exempt from the diplomatic remonstrances of Count BERNSTORFF, and from the reproaches of Mr. Von SYBEL; yet it must be allowed that a country governed by Mr. GLADSTONE is not invulnerable to sarcasm. It is true that, as German satirists allege, the place of CHATHAM and of PITT, of WELLINGTON, of PEEL, and of PALMERSTON, is now filled by the philanthropic patron of periodical collections of gimcracks. To an anxious community asking for counsel and guidance in the midst of an unprecedented crisis Mr. GLADSTONE replies that he is pained, astonished, and bewildered, and that he trusts not to be disturbed in his enjoyment of next year's Exhibition by the unwelcome tumult of a great European war.

THE ARMISTICE.

THE endeavours of the English Government to bring about an armistice were, as we now know, justified by the information in their possession, and seem not unlikely to lead to practical results. It is said that Count BISMARCK has offered to agree to an armistice of twenty-five days, in order that a Constituent Assembly may be convoked. Whether this offer will be accepted by the Provisional Government is not yet certain. It is said that a telegram has been received in London announcing their acceptance; but it is prudent to wait for intelligence of the most undisputed kind before admitting that so great a change in the views of the Provisional Government has taken place. The armistice is of course meant to lead to peace; and Lord GRANVILLE, in his despatch to Lord AUGUSTUS LOFTUS, stated that the English Government had even at that date urged the Provisional Government to make peace on any terms compatible with its honour. This might certainly mean either nothing or a great deal. The Provisional Government has probably no objection to make peace on terms compatible with its honour, and is not unwilling to some degree to take the events of the war into consideration. But the peace which Germany offers to France is only of one kind. It is based on a cession of territory, and it is perfectly useless in our Government to recommend the Provisional Government to make terms unless it is prepared to recommend M. JULES FAVRE and his colleagues to cede French territory. But for the moment the main drift of the efforts of the English Government has been, not to negotiate in any way the terms of peace, but to get the combatants to agree to an armistice; and with the very strong wish that exists in England to see peace restored, Ministers were, we think, fully justified in coming forward to see whether an armistice could not be arranged. It is evident that they had the means of knowing more than the English public knew. They had trustworthy information that BAZAINE wished for peace, that he was ready to support

with all his influence the proposal for the convocation of a Constituent Assembly, and that he had hopes, based on grounds which we confess seem very obscure, that his troops could be used to protect, or possibly to overawe, such an Assembly. The general order communicated, a few days before Metz capitulated, to the French officers by BAZAINE, states in the most distinct manner that these were the views of the Marshal. Metz has since then capitulated, and BAZAINE is a prisoner in Germany. But at the time when the English Government took the initiative it was a fact well worth considering most seriously, that the course they were prepared to recommend had the approval of the only French General at the head of anything deserving the name of an army. But this was not by any means all that the English Government may be supposed to have known. It probably knew, what has only been made public in the last two or three days, that three weeks ago General BURNSIDE was authorised by Count BISMARCK to offer an armistice to the Provisional Government in order that a Constituent Assembly might be convoked. The Germans avow openly that the absence of a recognised Government in France constitutes at present a great difficulty for them. All the world can see that this is so, and with their usual good sense the Germans frankly confess that they too share the opinion of the world. Count BISMARCK has receded from the position that he would not hear of an armistice unless the principle of a cession of territory was previously accepted. He will facilitate the convocation of a legal Assembly, and leave it free to decide on the terms of peace when it meets. This is so important a step gained, that the English Government might reasonably think that the faint hope of peace it shadowed forth ought not to be thrown away. Theoretically, there is no more reason why England should come forward to urge an armistice than why Austria or Russia should come forward. But in point of fact England is looked to by both combatants as a mediator more than any other Power, partly because it has been the habit of Continental nations since the old NAPOLEON wars to concede this position to England, and partly because it is known that the English Government is impelled by the restless propensity for meddling to which the English public is given, and by a consideration for the material interests of England affected by the war, to be always more ready to interfere than any other great Power can be supposed to be.

But however much outsiders may be disposed to recommend the convocation of an Assembly that shall end the present state of anarchy in France, and however anxious Count BISMARCK may be to give all the aid in his power to such an Assembly being convoked, we must not shut our eyes to the real position of France and of the Provisional Government in the matter. The answer to the overtures made through General BURNSIDE was that no proposal for even an armistice would be entertained until the Germans had been driven from France. The criticism which this answer has very naturally provoked in Germany is that the Provisional Government refuses that a Constituent Assembly should be convoked because it knows that its own existence would certainly be terminated directly such an Assembly met, and that probably its beloved Republic would share the same fate. There is much truth in this. The present Government is a Government that is fanatically attached to a Republic, and a Republic is not to the taste of Frenchmen. If any Republic could be tolerated in France, it would certainly not be such a Republic as is represented at Tours by M. GAMINETTA calling MAZZINI to his aid. Setting aside Paris, Lyons, and Marseilles, we much doubt if there is one Frenchman in a thousand who wishes to be governed by a Mazzinian and Garibaldian Republic. To permit the convocation of a Constituent Assembly is for the present Government to cease to exist; and the present Government naturally clings to its existence. But it would be doing great injustice to the present Government, and taking a very narrow view of the situation of things in France, to attribute the unwillingness of M. JULES FAVRE and his colleagues entirely to a mere selfish wish to prolong their official existence. The conclusion of an armistice would, it is only fair to allow, take all the spirit and strength out of the resistance which France is still prepared to offer to the enemy. The French are perhaps in an excited and unreasonable state, but this excitement and unreasonableness is all that is left to them. Their resolution to fight Germany even at the present frightful odds is based on the feeling that the honour of France demands that there shall be no parleying with the enemy. Why does Count BISMARCK wish to see a Constituent Assembly convoked? Simply because he thinks its existence would help him to make peace on terms satisfactory to Germany. For this very reason, then,

Frenchmen who wish to prolong the war object to having an Assembly convoked. The pause in their operations would chill their ardour, would excite conflicting passions, would very likely lead to civil strife in many of their large towns, and would add strength to that general suspicion of treachery which more than anything else unnerves them. In short, the convocation of a Constituent Assembly really means the end of the war, and Frenchmen see this as plainly as Englishmen or Germans can see it; and the very large portion of Frenchmen of all parties who want to see the war go on, and still believe that France must conquer if she perseveres, insist with great reason that if their wishes are to be fulfilled, and the war is to go on, it must go on without a day's pause or intermission.

These considerations must, however, have been overruled by the pressure of extreme necessity if the Provisional Government is, as is said, willing to enter into an armistice. The fall of Metz may possibly have convinced General TROCHU that the real resistance of France is at an end, and he may well hesitate to subject Paris to the horrors of bombardment and starvation without any prospect of relief from without. He must be far too well acquainted with the character and composition of the Armies of the North and of the Loire to believe that they can render him any assistance. He may therefore look on an armistice as the best means of preparing the minds of the people of Paris and of France for a peace the terms of which would now be very distasteful to them. But there may be very difficult questions to determine before an armistice is finally agreed on, even although in the first instance the Provisional Government may be willing to treat for one. The proposal of Count BISMARCK is that the armistice is to last for twenty-five days, and that the military status of the day when the agreement for the armistice is signed shall be preserved during this period. Whether this provision implies that Paris is to be revictualled is a point on which there is a direct conflict of assertion. It is, indeed, most difficult to see how it could be revictualled. The Germans could not suffer a large number of Frenchmen to go in and out of Paris through the German lines and among the German works in order to bring food to Paris. It must therefore be delivered to the Germans, and by them transmitted to Paris. The parts of France as yet untouched by the war would, we may suppose, be able and willing to supply Paris with whatever provisions were permitted to be introduced each day into the city. But railway communication into Paris does not exist, except on the lines which the Germans need entirely for their own support. The daily food of Paris must therefore be brought by carts to the German lines, there received by German officials, and conveyed by them to different stations in the vicinity of Paris. All this would take much more than twenty-five days to organize, and even if the Germans permitted food to be sent daily into Paris within the limits of a day's consumption, there would during the first half of the period contemplated in the armistice be scarcely any introduced. It is most probable, therefore, that Count BISMARCK's proposal is to be taken in its literal acceptance, and means that for twenty-five days Paris is to keep quite quiet, and is to be free from the danger of bombardment, but is to be brought nearer and nearer to starvation. These three weeks would be a most trying time for the patience of Parisians, and it is not to be conceived that they could ever again feel enthusiastic about the defence of the city. Then the difficulty arises, whether Alsace and Lorraine are to be represented in the Assembly. When the question was raised some little time ago, Count BISMARCK said that he could not permit this. Alsace and Lorraine now belong to Germany, and it would be quite inconsistent with their new position to allow them to send Deputies to a French Assembly. But it is hard to believe that Count BISMARCK will insist on this, for obviously, if he does insist on it, he must mean that the new Assembly is to meet, not to discuss the terms of peace, but to register his decrees. The inconvenience and inconsistency of allowing elections in Alsace for members of a French Assembly is certainly great; but it would be most humiliating to France, and dangerous to the interests of peace, that the Deputies from provinces that have so long been part of France should not be allowed to take part in the discussion of a subject so interesting to them.

THE SPANISH CROWN.

HAVING performed the part of the messenger or courtier who at the rising of the curtain prepares the audience for the approach of the chief personages of the tragedy, Spain

retired four months ago from the European stage. Curious historians will at some future time ascertain whether the HOHENZOLLERN candidature originated in a simple or perhaps in a complex intrigue. It is possible that the Emperor NAPOLEON may have encouraged a project at which he certainly connived: and there are those who believe that Count BISMARCK also favoured the arrangement, not without a prescient view to the consequences which have ultimately followed. It was remarked that the French Government affected no indignation against Spain, although the candidature was made a pretext for war with Prussia. The condonation of Marshal PRIM's untoward proposal, however convenient, was not flattering to his country. From the commencement of the war the relations of France and Spain have been ostentatiously amicable; and the Committee of Defence thought it worth while to send Count KENATRY to Madrid to request assistance against Germany. Reasons more tangible and more forcible than any logical deduction prevented the Spanish Government from acceding to the French demand; and if the alliance had been practicable and expedient, it would have been strange that Spain should join France in a war which was caused by the claim of NAPOLEON III. to interfere in Spanish affairs. The Cortes, which had been summoned to consider the proposed offer of the Crown to Prince LEOPOLD, postponed its meeting on hearing of his resignation; and consequently the Minister will now for the first time have to explain his conduct to the representatives of the nation. He has apparently thought it advisable to prepare for the Session by producing a new candidate for the vacant throne; and the announcement of his intentions proves that he has not patched up his old quarrel with the Republicans. It must be supposed that he has satisfied himself that he will be able to secure a majority for the election of Prince AMADEUS; but the Republicans, the Carlites, and the supporters of MONTPENSIER, if they unite their forces, will run the Government hard. The REGENT himself is thought to incline to MONTPENSIER, although since his accession to the head of the Government he has maintained a neutral position.

The connexion with the Italian Royal family, when it was formerly proposed, excited neither enthusiasm nor violent opposition. Prince AMADEUS is preferable to his cousin the Duke of GENOA, because he has arrived at mature years; and, although he is not personally distinguished, he has seen something of war and of public affairs. The choice of an Italian prince is a defiance to the zealous Catholic party which regards VICTOR EMMANUEL as a sacrilegious usurper. Other classes of Spaniards know and care little about any foreign candidates; but the friends of order, who have from the first insisted on the maintenance of the monarchy, are reasonably anxious, after two years of provisional government, to arrive at some definite solution. Admiral TOPETE and his friends, although they command seventy votes in the Cortes, are not strong enough to secure the election of the Duke of MONTPENSIER, and perhaps some members of the party may think the election of any king more advantageous than the prolongation of PRIM's dictatorship. The proposal of the Government was sudden; and at first it was doubted whether the report of the candidature was true. It is now known that both the Prince and his father assented, on the condition that the assent of the Great Powers should be obtained. There could be no reason to fear opposition from England, Russia, or Austria; and although the French Governments at Paris and Tours are probably too zealously republican to approve of the enthronement of a king, it is said that their agents have disavowed any intention of repeating a disastrous interference. The North German Government has lost no time in declaring its purpose of abstaining from all intervention in the affairs of Spain. The opportunity of referring to the officious objection of France to Prince LEOPOLD was not forgotten; although perhaps the choice of a French prince would not have been regarded by Germany with perfect equanimity. Marshal PRIM will be able to assure the Cortes that the election of Prince AMADEUS will involve no foreign complication, and he will trust to the excitement which will be caused by the nomination as the best means of evading discussion of his former abortive scheme; yet unless he can effect a coalition with some portion of the heterogeneous Opposition, he may still be defeated. By a previous resolution of the Cortes, the election of a king requires an absolute majority of the whole Assembly.

When it was first known in Spain that the Emperor NAPOLEON was a captive, and that the Regency was deposed, the Republican party naturally thought that the season of their triumph had arrived. Some of their more active members proposed to raise an auxiliary force of irregular troops for the

service of France; but it soon appeared that the French were deficient rather in armament and discipline than in numbers, and on the Spanish side it was scarcely found possible to levy a dozen volunteers. Intelligent politicians perceived that it was even doubtful whether the Republic proclaimed in Paris had been accepted by France, especially as in the large towns two or three separate Republics seemed to be contending for supremacy. Constitutional monarchy is the only form of government which has not been involved in discredit by recent events. In Italy the revolutionists are for the moment silent, and MAZZINI finds himself in the possession of uncongenial immunity from pursuit and prosecution. If the French Delegation of Tours were not fully occupied with hysterical appeals and mendacious proclamations, its members would probably not be unwilling to aid their political co-religionists beyond the Pyrenees; but for the time General PRIM has only to deal with indigenous opposition. It was generally believed that French influence had much to do with the failure of his various proposals; and, on the other hand, he relied on the hostility of NAPOLEON to the ORLEANS candidate. The Cortes have already rejected by a large majority a dilatory motion, and in the course of next week the debates on the election are to commence. The Republican orators will not fail to expose in eloquent speeches the plausible objections which may be raised to the choice of a foreign prince; but they must be well aware that the rejection of the Italian candidate would only leave the present Government in power. It would be interesting to ascertain whether Marshal PRIM has made any terms for himself in concluding the arrangement with the Royal Family of Italy. As long as the Commander-in-Chief of the army is also Prime Minister, the future King can exercise only nominal authority; and many years have passed since a civilian found it possible to govern Spain without the aid of military chiefs. SERRANO, who is advanced in life, may probably be prepared to retire as soon as the Revolution is terminated by the restoration of monarchy. Marshal PRIM has perhaps satisfied himself that his Royal nominee will for a long time be dependent on his support. A foreigner and a stranger will be exposed to many disadvantages; but the nation has distinctly shown its aversion to a Republican form of government, and the family of Queen ISABELLA has ceased to be formidable since the fall of the French Imperial dynasty.

The antipathy to the name of a Republic which appears to be entertained by a majority both of the Cortes and of the constituency might at first sight seem unintelligible. The nation has no attachment to any dynasty, there is no political aristocracy, and the clergy have become apparently powerless. For two years during which the country has dispensed with a Court internal peace has been as well preserved as in ordinary times; and it would perhaps be possible for the Cortes to administer the government permanently through Ministers of their own choice. At the beginning of the Revolution PRIM epigrammatically said that it was impossible to have a Republic without Republicans; and since a strong Republican party has arisen, the objections to the system have become more serious. The cause of the just suspicion which prevails may be in some degree traced back to the French Reign of Terror; but even in the present day professed Republicans are in many instances avowed enemies of order and of property. A king may be a merely ornamental appendage to a Parliamentary Constitution; but he serves as a symbol of law and of regard for vested rights. There would be no necessary connexion between the election of a chief magistrate and the spoliation of property, if Communists and revolutionary fanatics were not in the habit of calling themselves Republicans. The present state of France, although it is wholly exceptional, has confirmed existing prejudices against the name of a Republic. M. GAMBETTA's levity and folly reproduce the extravagance of 1793, and the Jacobins of Paris, of Lyons, and of Marseilles denounce M. GAMBETTA on the ground that he is not sufficiently noisy, empty, and violent. If the Italian dynasty is established in Spain, it is possible that it may gradually become as popular and as national as the descendants of BERNADOTTE in Sweden, and the Saxon family which reigns in Belgium. Experience shows that it is better to crown a scion of a Royal house than a private person who will always be regarded as an adventurer. If the BONAPARTES could have relied on a long pedigree, it is possible that their chief would not have thought it necessary to secure his position by the series of gambling experiments which eventually caused his ruin. Undisputed superiority of any kind, even if it is merely conventional, removes many temptations to inopportune self-assertion.

MR. GLADSTONE AT ISLINGTON.

THE Opposition papers have been making an unnecessary fuss and grievance of a very simple and commonplace incident. They complain that Mr. GLADSTONE postponed a Cabinet Council from Tuesday to Wednesday in order to celebrate the obsequies of the Working Men's International Exhibition at Islington, and that in his speech delivered on that pathetic occasion he had very little to say about the war and about England's duties, or England's action, in the present crisis. This complaint appears to us to be unreasonable; and the parallel drawn by one of the complainants between NERO fiddling when Rome was burning and the PREMIER speechmaking while Europe was in flames strikes us as being particularly inopportune. NERO crowned with roses and playing a jig is not recalled to our imagination by the melancholy variation played on the single string of Mr. GLADSTONE's monotonous oratory. What is there wrong in, or what is alleged against, Mr. GLADSTONE's conduct? He ought, we are told, to prefer the duty of attending to European politics to discoursing at length—at very great length—on the objects, advantages, and pleasures of a bazaar; and he only went to Islington because he wished to stand well with Mr. LUCRAFT, Mr. ODGER, Mr. MOTTERSHEAD, and their democratic friends. But why not? Mr. GLADSTONE was at home with his own flesh and blood friends, and he is not at home with foreign politics. Mr. GLADSTONE perhaps suspects that he is not a statesman, but he knows that he is a fluent public speaker. At Islington he would be sure to shine, at Downing Street he might have nothing to say; and when the choice before Mr. GLADSTONE is that of an opportunity for pouring out a flood of talk, and the sad necessity of silence, who can doubt the PREMIER's preference?

The occasion at Islington was just one to bring out Mr. GLADSTONE's powers. The Islington Exhibition has been a signal failure; its expenses have been far in excess of its receipts. The object for which the show was got together was never fulfilled. Intended or pretended to be an occasion for showing what the personal skill of the craftsman and artisan could do, in so far as it has fulfilled this purpose it has only shown how deficient is the invention, how poor the taste, and how second-rate the manual skill of the English workman; while as regards the objects exhibited, they are for the most part only the shop goods of firms which may be seen in every shop-window or purchased at every wholesale manufacturer's warehouse in England. At the best the Islington bazaar was only a faint and somewhat vulgar repetition of the decennial shows of Hyde Park and Brompton. Here was an admirable occasion for the display of Mr. GLADSTONE's powers. The task before him was one dear to that sophistical and pedagogic element in Mr. GLADSTONE's mind which he not unfrequently displays. He had to show that the conspicuous breakdown of his friends and pupils was something better than a success. International Exhibitions, and friendly rivalry in the arts of peace and industry, are the true civilizing elements of society. Cultivate them, and you are speeding the millennium of charity and goodwill. Compete in crockery, emulate each other in cotton goods, display your rival hardware, all ye peoples, nations, and languages of the earth, import and export your textiles and ceramics, and "by an unseen and silent, but certain, process you are allaying the evil passions of mankind, and binding in harmony and friendship all the nations of the world." This is what Mr. GLADSTONE said, and we make no manner of doubt feels, just one week after the capitulation of Metz. All this was pretty talk in 1851; why should it not be pretty talk in 1870? The world has gone on in its perverse way; but what is the world to the philosopher and the schoolmaster? The facts are against the theory; but so much the worse for the facts. There is something really very engaging in that sublime and superb contempt for facts which the highest genius displays. The triumphs at Tours are in this respect almost rivalled by our own PREMIER. We are quite convinced that MM. GAMBETTA and CRÉMIEUX do not believe that the surrender of Marshal BAZAINE and his army has anything to do with the fate of France; we see no reason to doubt that the Gentlemen of the Pavement Government are serenely confident that the Prussians will be driven out of France with ignominy; and just in the same way we are confident in Mr. GLADSTONE's sincerity when he announces that he really is fully persuaded that the Islington Show, "such an Exhibition as this, has its part in the great and noble work," which great and noble work is no less than spreading "the growth of friendship and goodwill in all the world." At any rate M. GAMBETTA and Mr. GLADSTONE tell us that these are their honest convictions; and we have no reason to doubt them.

It is only a waste of time to point out with what melancholy force history has confuted theory in this matter. The first International Exhibition was held in 1851. In 1854 the first great European war—between England and France on the one side, and Russia on the other—broke out. Since then we have had the war between France and Austria, the war between Germany and Denmark, the war between Prussia and Austria, the great civil war in America, to say nothing of the Abyssinian war, of Spanish revolutions, and of intrigues, at least portending war, about Holland, Belgium, and the Danubian Provinces. It is the simple fact that, with the exception of Switzerland, which however at last has been obliged to set itself in battle array, every nation in Europe, and the only civilized community in America, has been engaged in prosecuting arts which certainly are not those of peace and goodwill. And, what is much more to the purpose, the very nations which were foremost in all those friendly industrial competitions, and were apparently on such delightful terms in Hyde Park, Brompton, the Champ de Mars, and elsewhere, are precisely the nations which have, ever since Great Exhibitions began to be, done nothing but fight or prepare to fight. Among the products of mechanical skill exhibited in London and Paris, none have told so much as those pleasant stalls which showed us the construction of rifled cannon, and let us into the mysteries of conical shot and armour-plating. Of course it does not follow that the *propter hoc* and the *post hoc* are convertible terms; but the fact is as significant as obvious. Mr. GLADSTONE draws no conclusion whatever from the premises. He is probably quite sincere, and he may just possibly be right, if he says that Great Exhibitions do not tend to produce war; but he has a tremendous difficulty when he says—and he says distinctly—that Great Exhibitions tend to prevent war. Experience is thoroughly and completely against him.

And this leads us to what is the core of the matter, that Mr. GLADSTONE's mind is such that he is more inclined to theory than to note or even value experience. Mr. GLADSTONE is essentially a theorist, a doctrinaire, an ideologist, as it is called. He is viewy, philosophical, and has large ideas about flesh and blood, and humanity, and suchlike abstractions. We do not say that minds of this kind have not their value in the macrocosm; the Abbé SIEYES and the Orator of the Human Race, and the constructors of constitutions and positive philosophies have their function. Neither do we mean to say that Mr. GLADSTONE has anything in common with ANARCHARIS CLOOTZ or M. COMTE except their common love of mere theory and paradox. But in this love of paradox and symmetry, and the devotion to the *ought to be* rather than the *is*, lies Mr. GLADSTONE's intellectual strength and practical weakness. Mr. GLADSTONE is the last man in the world to talk nonsense consciously, or to attempt to mislead himself or others. But as a matter of fact he does talk nonsense; this speech of his at Islington is unmitigated nonsense; his deferential attitude to the London Socialists and democrats is only not criminal because it is nonsense. And then comes the serious aspect of Mr. GLADSTONE. How far is this great country safe under such guidance? It may be said in mitigation that Mr. GLADSTONE is naturally and by cultivation a great orator; that to pour out a vast torrent of words is natural to him; that volubility and pleonasm and tautology are so congenial to him that a great speech is not so much valued by him for what it contains, as that it is a speech, long, sonorous, and didactic; that it is only a peculiarity of manner, and a trick which he has got into of letting the tap of his eloquence flow. Be it so; let us admit that the Islington speech was meant to mean nothing, because, as is true enough, it has no meaning. But then this is scarcely a reassuring estimate of an English Minister, especially at such a moment as this. It is not quite what we have been accustomed to in our Prime Ministers. Mr. PITT never talked nonsense; Lord GREY never talked nonsense; the Duke of WELLINGTON and Sir ROBERT PEEL never talked nonsense. If Lord PALMERSTON talked nonsense, as he often did, it was always with a chuckle and a wink that showed he was rattling away for a purpose. He knew that he talked nonsense. It has been reserved for Mr. DISRAELI and Mr. GLADSTONE to talk nonsense, but in a very different way. Nobody can be more profoundly conscious of the hollowness and insincerity of his whole political life than Mr. DISRAELI. He knows that he is a joke, but he thinks that perhaps the world will not find him out or detect him in the act of making fools of us all. Not so with Mr. GLADSTONE. He is truth and sincerity itself; he fully believes in everything that he says; he is utterly unconscious of his own paradox, perfectly incapable of realizing the fallacies which he utters. Probably this may arise from

his constitutional incapacity for humour. To everybody but Mr. GLADSTONE it must appear to be something of the jesting which is not convenient to speak for a long hour on the pacific purposes of a show of broadcloths and toys while Paris is besieged. But Mr. GLADSTONE does not see this grim joke any more than he sees the consequences of his ostentatious politeness to the London Socialists. Such a speech as Mr. GLADSTONE delivered at Islington would, at such a moment as this, be an affront to the public conscience had it been delivered by anybody but Mr. GLADSTONE. From Mr. GLADSTONE it is not an affront only because he cannot see how ludicrous it is. But whatever may be the interest of a psychological study of Mr. GLADSTONE, just now we are much more anxious about his practical qualities. We are interested more in the statesman than in a mental analysis of one of the most remarkable geniuses of the age—which undoubtedly Mr. GLADSTONE is. We do admire him, both in the classical and vulgar sense of the word; and our admiration is elevated into a feeling which we do not, perhaps because we cannot, describe when, with a self-repressing power of language which Stoics might envy, he, on the first day of this November, 1870, describes the state, the moral and political state, of the world in an incidental parenthesis, as "the minds of men pained, astonished, and bewildered at the events of which we daily hear." No doubt Mr. GLADSTONE was drawing from a life-study when he thus plaintively spoke of a bewildered mind.

METZ AND THE REPUBLIC.

THE capitulation of Metz is not to be regarded as a military disaster only. The loss of 170,000 soldiers, great and terrible as it is, is hardly worse than the inroad of distrust and suspicion which has followed upon the news being made known. From the 4th of September down to the end of October a wonderful unanimity has characterized the French people. They have put all political considerations aside and devoted themselves, with unequal energy indeed, but with no unequal singleness of purpose, to the military necessities of the hour. It is probable that a majority of the population dislike Republicanism, but, if so, their dislike has not shown itself in any hostility to the Republicans who are carrying on the Government. M. GAMBETTA has been allowed to identify the cause of France with the cause of a particular section of Frenchmen without so much as a hint that this identification is an act of audacious presumption. Not a single general has repudiated the authority of the Provisional Government, or asked them whence they derive their commission to appoint one commander or supersede another. There have been instances of cowardice on the part of the regular troops, but there has been no instance of disaffection. They have seen themselves subordinated in many ways to the irregular forces which M. GAMBETTA is doing his best to levy, but they have never quarrelled with the new and humbler position which has been assigned to them. The conduct of the irregular levies has been still more praiseworthy. They are terribly lacking in discipline, but they seem for the most part absolutely overflowing with goodwill. They are sent off as fast as they are raised to distant points of concentration, to be led by officers of whose military capacity they know nothing even by repute, and to take part in a campaign of which it is doubtful whether the object is fully apparent even to the general himself. Yet in hardly a single case is there any murmuring, or any indication of a disposition to criticize, much less to disobey, the orders given them. The one object of driving the Prussians out of France has seemed paramount in the mind of every Frenchman. But the capitulation of Metz has marred this engaging picture. It matters nothing whether Marshal BAZAINE had or had not any ulterior motive in surrendering the army and the fortress. He may have been genuinely unable to hold out any longer, or he may have miscalculated his capacities for resistance and come to terms sooner than he need have done. The preference given to any one particular explanation of his conduct does not affect the estimate formed of its results. For the first time since the fall of the Empire, the commander of a French army has stood publicly charged with preferring his former master to his country; and whether the charge be true or false, it is equally unfortunate that it should ever have been called forth. Every general whose tactics are not obvious to the meanest understanding will in future be suspected of having in view the restoration of the Empire instead of the deliverance of France. The national tendency to attribute all their misfortunes to treachery has received official sanction, not merely as regards a deposed dynasty, but as regards existing French leaders. Even without this sanction it has been indulged to an extent un-

worthy of reasonable men, and, with it, it is likely to become more than ever the recognised method of accounting for the defeats to which France has been subjected.

The conduct of Marshal BAZAINE points, at all events according to one explanation of it, to another danger which threatens France. The one compensation for all that she has had to bear during the last three months is the overthrow of the Empire; and those who hold it better for a country to be free at home than powerful abroad will hardly think that so great a deliverance has been too dearly bought, even at the cost of the German invasion. But if Marshal BAZAINE has really been compassing either a restoration or a regency, it must be taken as evidence that there are some Frenchmen whose opinion is worth listening to who do not regard the Imperial cause as hopeless. Marshal BAZAINE need not be credited with any passionate or Quixotic devotion to NAPOLEON III.; and if he preferred to remain in Metz to the last moment rather than effect an escape which would have left him no choice but to recognise the Government of National Defence or become a conscious traitor to the French cause, it was probably for no other reason than that he thinks it something more than an even chance that his judicious fidelity will some day meet with its fitting reward. The suddenness and completeness with which the Empire has been overthrown may easily blind spectators to the fact that it has still some good cards in its hand if it can only find the courage to play them. To all appearance the time is not far distant when the French nation will be compelled to accept peace. In that case, it is in the highest degree improbable that the present Republican Government will survive the recognition of such a necessity. Its members have seized the supreme power on the plea that the Republic, and the Republic alone, was equal to the task which lay before France. Their action in this respect would never have been acquiesced in on any other ground. They assumed the conduct of affairs at a moment of extreme national peril, and the mere fact that they had had the boldness to come forward at such a juncture was accepted as the best attainable proof that they felt themselves able to pluck safety out of that peril. When once this self-reliance of theirs is seen to be unfounded, a host of lukewarm friends will be converted into active enemies. M. GAMBETTA has all along claimed to know of a hidden storehouse of national enthusiasm which only a Republican key could unlock. The key has been put into his hands, and his political reputation will depend on the use he can make of it. M. GAMBETTA is not wanting either in energy or in self-confidence, and his failure, if failure it be, can only be set down to the fact that the Republican ardour on which he relies has no substantive existence. In the first discouragement of this discovery an active Imperialist propaganda might find abundant work; and perhaps a first step in this direction has been taken in the publication of the EMPEROR's remarkable pamphlet. Hopeless as it may seem to restore a Government which is burdened with the capitulations of Sedan and Metz, circumstances may easily be imagined which would give its adherents a momentary advantage, and the remoter prospects of the Imperialist party are not so good that it can afford to despise this. The anarchy which will threaten France if the Republic dies without any recognised successor, and the extreme improbability that either the Orleanists or the Legitimists will be anxious to assume authority which must be used in the first instance to ratify, if not to negotiate, the terms of a disastrous peace, may mark out an Imperial restoration as the most immediately available resource for French Conservatism. Nor can we be certain that the Prussian Government, little as it cares for the deposed dynasty, may not give a virtual sanction to its efforts, from simple inability to find any one else with whom to treat.

If the despatches from Prefects and Sub-Prefects received by the Tours Government could be accepted as a genuine expression of popular feeling, the Republic would at all events be strong enough to defy its internal foes. But there is no evidence that these assurances have any greater value, or are less a matter of course, than the corresponding assurances which used to be forthcoming in any quantity that might be required at the call of the late Government. The Prefects have either been appointed by M. GAMBETTA or been suffered to retain their posts under him, and it would be hard to say which position is most likely to keep its holder on his good behaviour. M. GAMBETTA no doubt took care to nominate no man in whose devotion to Republicanism he did not feel reasonable confidence, and the fact of having accepted office at his hands will be so very questionable a title to the favour of any succeeding Government that interest as well as duty obliges the sub-

ordinate to use every effort to keep the Republic in being. For the loyalty of the Prefects who have been left in power by M. GAMBETTA there is security of a different kind. Even if the infection of Imperialism does not yet remain in them, its existence is certain to be suspected, and the least symptom of hesitation in echoing M. GAMBETTA's declarations would be at once represented as evidence of complicity with Marshal BAZAINE. The desire to avert present danger is a more universal motive than the hope of future advancement, and if each Prefect's despatches were carefully analysed, the date of each appointment might be found to be approximately indicated by the greater or less fervour of his Republican zeal.

GREECE.

THE statement that Greece has recognised the French Republic, while it is rather amusing than important, reminds the careless observer of events that there are other foreign communities besides the belligerents who have engrossed the attention of the world. A much more surprising statement was lately forwarded by telegraph from Florence, to the effect that Greece had concluded an offensive and defensive alliance with Turkey. If the report had but been true, it might have been inferred that the Greeks had at last determined to concentrate their undivided efforts on domestic improvement. It is not impossible that such a treaty, and the policy which it would imply, might prove the nearest road to the attainment of their cherished objects. It may or may not be true that the Turks in Europe are dying out; but without an entire change of character they would find it difficult to maintain their position in the immediate neighbourhood of a prosperous and well-governed Greek kingdom. The only pursuit in which the Turks naturally equal or excel their rivals is the primitive business of fighting, nor can the Greeks hope to defeat them except with the aid of a protector who would be far more formidable than their ancient enemy. It may be hoped that the supposed treaty is but a symbolical exaggeration of the desire of the present Greek Government to attend to its own affairs. It is believed that the DELIGORIS Ministry is determined, if possible, to suppress the scandal of brigandage. The recent capture by robbers of two well-known and respectable inhabitants of Livadia in the midst of the town has revived the indignation which was caused by the disgraceful tragedy of Marathon. The Government would probably be supported by popular opinion in the construction of roads and in the establishment of an efficient police. The army, which is kept up at great expense in superfluous numbers, is largely employed in the collection of taxes from the comparatively honest part of the population, while the robbers openly defy authority and law. The aid and shelter which are provided for freebooters by the rural inhabitants, in Greece as in other similar countries, are not to be regarded as a proof that their vocation is really popular. It is impossible that shepherds and farmers, unless they are affiliated to the profession, should really wish both to pay a tribute more burdensome than the Government taxes, and to incur occasional danger for the benefit of their rapacious guests. The robbers have destroyed their richest source of profit by deterring travellers from entering the country, and consequently they are reduced to the necessity of extorting ransoms from their own peaceful countrymen.

It is easier to trace the anarchy and poverty of Greece to misgovernment than to remove the causes of corruption and weakness. As there is no aristocracy in the country, the general equality of conditions is properly recognised in the establishment of a large and popular constituency. In accordance with modern constitutional doctrines the Assembly has the power to make and unmake Ministers, and in fact it does nothing else. The prizes of political activity are not intrinsically great, but they are sufficiently valuable to absorb the whole attention of the Deputies. A frequent rotation of office gratifies in turn the ambition of the largest possible number of politicians; and the remainder, if they cannot hope to be Ministers, naturally expect some reward for their support of their respective party leaders. To secure their own seats in the Assembly, the Deputies have to court the most active local partisans, who are themselves in some parts of the country connected with the bandits. As long as a Government can retain its position, its power is almost despotic; and the shifting of the majority is determined by causes which have little to do with administrative merit or political honesty. A Minister who earnestly devoted himself to the establishment of internal security

would provoke many enemies, and it is not certain that he would be cordially supported by the great mass of the community which would have an interest in the success of his enterprise; yet the experiment may now be tried with exceptional advantage inasmuch as the mischievous passion for foreign aggrandizement has for the time been effectually discouraged. The main object of the insurrection in Crete was the maintenance in power of a Ministry which flattered the popular weakness. No other petty State can molest and harass a more powerful neighbour with the impunity which is secured to Greece, not merely by the triple Protectorate, but by the sentiment of Europe. The principal danger which was to be apprehended from the irregular encouragement of the Cretan insurgents consisted not so much in the chance of a collision with the Turkish forces as in the increased disorganization of Greece itself. The volunteers who from time to time returned from the island contributed to swell the ranks of brigandage, and to furnish ostensible occupation for the army which would have been but ill prepared to resist a foreign invader. Notwithstanding the repeated and ostentatious provocations which were offered to Turkey, the Government never intended to engage in war. No portion of the large sums which were raised on the pretext of national defence was spent in procuring arms or in equipping troops. The rebuke which was addressed to Greece by the Paris Conference was well understood and keenly felt by a quick-witted nation. For the first time in twenty years the sounder part of the community understands the folly of ambitious projects, and the necessity of reforming internal administration.

The highest authorities on questions relating to Greece hold that the people have, even under the present Constitution, the means of reforming the flagrant abuses which prevail. Ministers and Deputies would not object to consult the public welfare if they found that they were likely to be rewarded, by continuance in office, for serving their country. The centralization which exists is both mischievous in itself and inconsistent with national character and tradition. If the Government of Athens employed itself in protecting life and property, and in reducing taxation as far as possible, parishes and districts would perhaps undertake the construction of roads and other material improvements. Although neither of the two dynasties which Europe has bestowed on Greece has hitherto conferred any considerable benefits on the nation, there is no reason to believe that anything would be gained by the establishment of a Republic. A King at the worst either abstains from interference or commits political blunders. His interest is identical with the good of the nation, and he can scarcely be open to a bribe. The highest place in a Greek Republic would be the object of more active competition than the post of a Royal Minister, and perhaps it might, as in South America, be sometimes the prize of civil war. It is a redeeming feature in the modern history of Greece that the candidates for power have been Parliamentary intriguers and not military adventurers. The Court corruption which was practised in the time of *Otho* would probably be revived by a President. The Chamber, if it retained its present power, would require no additional facilities of beneficent legislation; and experience shows that representative systems flourish best in combination with an hereditary Executive. Happily the Greeks themselves have no fancy for changes in the form of government.

Under certain provisions of the Greek Constitution, which seem not to have become operative, the King might exercise a direct power which has not generally been included in modern political systems. His Ministers, though they require the support of a Parliamentary majority, are also responsible to the Crown; and the judicious exercise of the prerogative would probably be approved by public opinion. The present King had the disadvantage of ascending the throne in his boyhood, when it was impossible that he should possess any real power. His connexion with the Imperial family of Russia may also hamper his independent action; but he is still young enough to vindicate the expediency of an almost accidental selection. He might be pardoned for cherishing the ambition of aggrandizing his kingdom, if only he understood the order and natural succession of measures by which a small State becomes great. A domestic administration which should render Greece a model or a contrast to surrounding States would deserve the pre-eminence which is now prematurely claimed. King *Otho*, like the ill-judging knight in the story, forgot that it was necessary to draw the sword before he blew the horn. Having done nothing to render his kingdom worthy of an Imperial rank, he weakly and rashly made himself the tool of a foreign Power which was not even able to protect him. If King *George*, now in

the early prime of life, were vigorous enough to establish order and prosperity at home, he might calculate on the full acknowledgment of his public services both by the Greeks and by foreigners. The Eastern question would be best solved by the growth of a civilized and independent State which might in due time naturally succeed to the supremacy which may sooner or later pass from the Ottoman Empire. The pretence that Greece is ill-governed because its limits were not originally extended to include Epirus or Crete is transparently frivolous. The Ionian Islands, which were voluntarily annexed to the kingdom by England only a few years ago, have from the time of the transfer steadily declined in social and political condition. The Turkish provinces on the mainland and in the islands which are coveted by ambitious Greek politicians would not admit of equal deterioration, but they would gain nothing by a change of allegiance. It is a significant fact that wealthy and intelligent Greeks prefer Constantinople as a place of residence to Athens.

THE LONDON SCHOOL BOARD.

THE election for the London School Board will be, as regards the nine districts outside the City, a genuine election by ballot. The polling-place is to be so arranged that the voters may have the means of filling up the voting-papers without being overlooked. The voting-papers will contain the names and descriptions of the several candidates, and opposite these a blank space will be left in which the voter is to insert the number of votes he gives to each. After this he will fold up the paper, and place it in the ballot-box. It seems impossible that under this system a voter who wishes to conceal how he has voted should have any mechanical difficulty in doing so. How far this local adoption of the ballot is to be taken as matter for congratulation will depend on the importance attached to this concealment. One main objection against the ballot in Parliamentary elections is that it involves a confession that corruption cannot be dealt with by legal penalties, and that it does so before legal penalties have been adequately and consistently inflicted on the offenders. There is no room for a similar objection in the case of the elections for School Boards. The machinery is called into operation for the first time, and it is only reasonable that it should be constructed so as to meet any evils of which the occurrence may be foreseen. That a good deal of pressure may be brought to bear upon voters not protected by the ballot is by no means improbable. It has been argued by some persons that where an office brings no emolument and gives no opportunities for jobbery there can be no motive for bribery or intimidation. It is scarcely safe, however, to assume that even the members of a municipal body, dealing with such a large sum of money as will be under the control of the London School Board, will be miraculously preserved from the temptation to spend it for the incidental benefit of themselves or their relatives. And even if this should prove to be the case, there is certainly no reason to suppose that theological and anti-theological zeal will always disdain to avail themselves of carnal weapons. A man may wish the success of a candidate for reasons which are entirely unselfish, and yet be willing to use the most unworthy means of securing his return. It is probable that a good deal of the corruption at the last general election was due to a genuine anxiety either that a political wrong should be righted, or that the religious character of the State should be preserved. That there will be any actual bribery at School Board elections is not perhaps to be expected, but we are quite prepared to hear of considerable indirect intimidation. A large number of people who take little interest in political contests will be hotly excited about this one, and it may be doubted whether a small country shopkeeper would not find it safer to offend the squire at the next county election than to avow, in the face of the clergyman and the influential ladies of the parish, a preference for a purely secular education in a School Board school. The Government may have been ill advised in introducing the ballot into the Education Act while its adoption at Parliamentary elections is still undetermined; but, supposing the advantages of secret voting should hereafter be held to outweigh its disadvantages, educational elections will have no claim to exceptional publicity.

In every School Board election, with the exception of those for the nine metropolitan districts outside the City, the person presiding at the poll is authorised to ask any voter whether he is the person whose name is signed to the voting-paper delivered in by him, whether he is the person whose name appears on the register as rated for the specific property in right of which he claims to vote, and whether he has already voted at the present

election. In the elections in the nine metropolitan districts no particular questions are prescribed; but in lieu of this it is provided that "the person for the time being presiding at the poll shall ascertain that the person claiming to vote is entitled so to do, and his decision on any such claim shall be final." The *Times* maintains that "the necessary consequence of these facts is that any one who says he occupies a rateable tenement may rely upon voting if he is bold enough to claim the privilege." The author of this sweeping censure seems to have overlooked the power given to the presiding officer by another regulation, "to admit such of the rate-collectors, or persons appointed by them, as may in his opinion be necessary, who shall attend with the rate-books belonging to their respective parishes, to assist in ascertaining that the persons presenting themselves to vote are persons rated in the parish." It is true that the right to vote does not depend on the name being found in the rate-book, but the absence of the claimant's name would constitute a *prima facie* objection to his pretensions, and would enable the presiding officer to question both the claimant himself and the rate-collectors in a way which, even if it did not immediately bring out the truth, would greatly facilitate the subsequent identification of the pretended voter. If the overseers do their duty, the omission of a name from the rate-book ought to become so rare that the mere allegation of it would have the effect of arousing the presiding officer's suspicions. The danger of the vote being repeated at every polling-place in the district is partially provided against by the regulation that each voter shall give his vote in the place, parish, or ward "in which the property in respect of which he is entitled to vote is situate." Thus a man who, having voted already in his own name in his own district, proceeds to tender a second vote in another district, will be liable to be asked the particulars of the property in respect of which he claims to vote, and must run the risk of the real occupier of such property having his name inscribed in the rate-book and being personally known to the rate-collector. Considering that such a discovery will subject the false voter to a heavy fine, as well as invalidate his vote, it may fairly be doubted whether the fears of the *Times* have any good ground to start from.

In preparing for future School Board elections it will perhaps be possible to give detailed suggestions as to the management of the cumulative vote. At present, however, very little can be predicted as to its results. It will no doubt ensure the return of any candidate who is sufficiently popular with a minority of the constituency to make them prefer the risk of wasting their votes by unnecessary accumulation to the risk of seeing their favourite defeated; but in most other instances it will probably be found that the best, equally with the worst, arranged combinations are doomed to failure. Under these circumstances we cannot do better than follow the example of the *Times*, and "strenuously recommend the sifting of candidates in the same interest, so that the number of persons before each constituency should represent distinct phases of educational thought and activity." In a deliberative body of fifty members one really able representative is worth half a dozen dummies. All the important debates are sure to be fully reported, and where many of the members live among their constituents, and are constantly open to impressions derived from intercourse with them, a good speech will have unusual power in the way of winning votes. The history of all Committees, again, seems to show that the real work of a large School Board will be done by a few of its members, and that energy, business capacity, and educational knowledge are rare enough in combination to give their possessors a title far more than their numerical share of influence. The section of educationalists which chooses the best candidate, and devotes itself to making his return certain, will be the section which has the greatest certainty of finding its views embodied in the education of London children.

The correspondence between Mr. FREMANTLE and Professor HUXLEY which was published in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of Tuesday is an ominous indication of the kind of controversy which the School Boards will have to deal with as soon as they get to actual business. We entirely agree with Professor HUXLEY that, if the schoolmaster is to furnish theological explanations of the Bible, he cannot, even if he would, steer clear of denominational teaching. There is simply no answer to Professor HUXLEY's question, "What is the schoolmaster to do when he has to deal with the opening verses of the first chapter of St. JOHN's Gospel? Is he to explain it in the Trinitarian sense or in the Unitarian sense?" At the same time we believe that Mr. FREMANTLE is right in saying that what is forbidden by the Education Act "is not the free ex-

planation of the Bible according to the understanding of the teacher, but the use of distinctive formularies." Professor HUXLEY retorts quite truly that if the clause about "formularies" means that formulas a, b, c, d may be taught, only that "they must not be gathered together and taught in a formula," it is "itself the most empty and deceptive of formulas." This seems to us to be a perfectly accurate description of this part of the Act, but the blame of its being so must rest on the Dissenters who chose, with full notice of what they were doing, to drive the Government into sanctioning a veiled and insidious Denominationalism instead of an honest and open one. It is to be wished that Mr. FREMANTLE had explained how he proposes to give a "free explanation" of the opening verses of St. JOHN's Gospel which shall not offend even a Jew, instead of contenting himself with telling us that to do so is "possible and easy." Will he not complete the correspondence by a report of the Scripture lesson in his own school the next time this portion of the Bible is read by the children?

THE WAR OF 1870.

XVI.

IF any one had been so bold, when these papers were begun, as to prophesy that in their progress we should have to record, ere the first three months of the campaign were over, not only the absolute annihilation of the eight Corps d'Armée prepared by LEBŒUF for the war, but the destruction or capture with them of the reserves that were being called up to fill their gaps, and of a ninth large corps then only just ordered to be formed—if any one had ventured to declare it possible that the French army had so deteriorated in all the higher qualities of war that it would collapse helplessly at the enemy's touch, outrun in its false strategy the most sanguine designs of the enemy, surpass in its tactical inferiority the most enthusiastic believer in the force of the Prussian system, and be swept, though 350,000 strong at the least, utterly away from the face of the country it was to defend, leaving France apparently open to the unconditional subjugation avowed to be the object of the military adviser of the Prussian councils—that writer would have received no more credence than he would were he now to whisper to the Lancashire politicians among whom Mr. GLADSTONE has spent his recess, that our condition, save only in the difference of our pacific tendencies, is not one whit safer than that of France was last July; that a combination of the soon-to-be-acquired North German fleet with that of one or two other great Powers notoriously not very friendly to us would lay our shores as bare to the enemy as the walls of Paris are now; and that the wrath of an injured people, conscious of being betrayed by the indolence of its elected guardians, would not be less terrible than the present indignation of the French against the Imperial régime which has left them in their helpless and humiliating condition.

It is not, however, our purpose to dilate upon the very fruitful political example which our hapless neighbour affords us. A statesman who could view our present condition for defence as satisfactory, and who yet could sit in a Cabinet that interferes loudly in European politics, would be playing with edged tools with unguarded hands, and be unworthy the name we give him. We leave this topic to others, to turn to our special duty, which this week concerns mainly the consideration of that great catastrophe of the surrender of Metz which closed the melancholy history of the late "Army of the Rhine." The earlier portion of this history might be treated of separately from the conduct of BAZAINE, who, up to the end of the first week of August, was merely one instrument among others in LEBŒUF's hands. But that part of the subject, and those which concern MACMAHON's distinct operations, have been already spoken of fully in former numbers, and are generally understood. The conduct of BAZAINE as a commander-in-chief is a separate question, and we propose here to consider it distinctly.

When the double defeats of Forbach and Wörth became fully known on the 7th August at the Imperial headquarters, it was felt by the EMPEROR, as well as by those around him, that an immediate change of leaders was among the steps urgently necessary to restore confidence to the troops, disheartened everywhere not more by the news than by the general retreat that immediately followed. Marshal LEBŒUF, too hastily raised to the rank he had done nothing to earn, was of course to be placed aside in any decided reorganization. MACMAHON had more than enough upon his hands in saving the relics of his beaten corps. CANROBERT was still at Châlons, and moreover had failed decidedly in the Crimea as a comman-

der-in-chief, the part being ill-suited to a temperament which, though of high courage, lacked utterly the firmness necessary to keep his subordinates in order and his troops up to the full measure of their work. BAZAINE was the only remaining Marshal. He was the youngest and most active officer of that high rank, and had never during his arduous service in Mexico made a serious mistake, or let his men lose their necessary discipline. The command, therefore, on leaving the enfeebled hands of the EMPEROR, fell naturally into his; and the supposed difficulty as to MACMAHON's previous high services and seniority was got over by leaving him as an independent commander-in-chief, subject only to the Ministry at Paris. Possibly an instinctive feeling on the EMPEROR's part that it was unsafe to leave an absolutely supreme control in the hands of any man of so decided a character as BAZAINE, and so tempt him to play a part of his own in the coming events, may have influenced the decision, and outweighed the known evils of a divided command. NAPOLEON must have been well aware of the force of his great uncle's maxim, that one indifferent commander in the field is better than two good ones. Possibly he also remembered that in the earlier Peninsular campaigns the First NAPOLEON made this truth subordinate to the supposed political necessity of avoiding too much trust in any single general; and in imitating his practice, for the like reason, he forgot the warning example of the French defeats that followed. For good or for ill, the original Army of the Rhine was henceforward to be under two commanders, and its safety must needs, in the face of superior forces, depend on their exact co-operation.

On the 9th of August BAZAINE received officially the command of the four corps (Second, Third, Fourth, and Guards) at Metz, to which was soon after added the bulk of the Sixth, moved up by CANROBERT from Châlons, with a number of newly raised battalions, on the first cry of the EMPEROR for reinforcements. On the same day MACMAHON was just to the south of him, near Luneville, carrying westward the *débris* of the First Corps, and DE FAILLY, who had not seen an enemy nor fired a shot, was making a hasty retreat between the two from his quarters near Bitsche and Sarreguemines on a cross line through Neufchâteau. BAZAINE had to resolve at once the great question as to whether the line of the Moselle should be held. The temptation to pivot round Metz for this purpose was great in a tactical point of view; but the danger of being outflanked and shut in by vastly superior forces, should MACMAHON and DE FAILLY not halt on the same line to support him, was imminent and certain. And over these forces he had no control, nor would the EMPEROR attempt to exercise further responsibility. Yet the fatal course was chosen of waiting until the Germans actually developed their strength before him, regardless of the possibility that the south part of the Moselle line would probably soon be left undefended.

The First and Second Armies joined completely during the fatal days of French inaction that followed, and were soon upon his front. More than this, the cavalry of the Crown Prince were heard of about Nancy, which MACMAHON and DE FAILLY had left unprotected; and it was evident that if he halted longer, the Third Army would speedily come between him and their retreating columns. Indeed, it was plain to any one that it might with ease, by being swung northward, turn or even enclose the whole of BAZAINE's force between the three German ones. Such a flank movement to be made against the French line on the Moselle or Saar had been, in fact, just Von MOLTKE's original plan of campaign after the French right should be driven in. But while the KING's headquarters were yet corresponding with the Crown Prince's, events about Metz went before the German design. On the 14th of August BAZAINE, after paltering with his situation for five days, had made up his mind that it was too serious a responsibility to attempt to hold it unsupported, had persuaded the EMPEROR to depart for Châlons, and had put three of his corps across the Moselle. But the Third and Fourth were still on the eastern bank, and with the same reckless imprudence shown by the French staff fifty-seven years before at Leipsic, the retreat was conducted slowly over the regular bridge of the town, no use being made for facilitating it of the vast engineering means at hand; so that the passage would not have been completed that day, even had not STEINMETZ's attack with MANTEUFFEL's corps to the south of the fortress delayed these rear corps still longer, and given ample time to develop the flank movement on Pont-à-Mousson, by which Von MOLTKE was preparing to pass the river, and if possible take his opponent in flank in the open country between the Moselle and Meuse. The events of the 16th and 18th are too well known for us to dwell upon them, nor will our limits permit us this week to comment upon BAZAINE's conduct since the day of Gravelotte. His first and probably most serious military error

of all was, beyond question, the five days' delay that allowed the Germans to surprise him in his passage. From the time that MACMAHON's own point of halting was known to be fixed for Châlons, the Moselle could—it may be stated as a mathematical certainty—no longer have been held by the diminished Army of the Rhine. The EMPEROR's own narrative, which has reached us since these remarks were penned, confirms strongly, it will be found, the correctness of this assertion, and leaves the main responsibility still with Marshal BAZAINE.

Except the capture of Dijon by WERDER, who abandoned for this his march, probably a simulated movement, on Besançon, and filed by his right from the Ognon through Gray on the more important object, there is little to record in the field. Affairs with the partisans have naturally gone in favour of the Prussians; but there has been an exception, in their repulse, with the loss of a gun—the first sacrificed in the campaign—from an attempt to cut the railroad between Amiens and Rouen. TROCHU has tried his hand at the occupation of ground by entrenchment outside the northern side of the circle of forts, and his force has been dislodged, on the 30th, with the loss of many prisoners. The heavy list of killed and wounded on the German side, especially in officers, shows that the French held their earthworks resolutely—for a time. The disproportionate number of prisoners shows that, when it was once fairly forced, they behaved but poorly. DER TANN watches the gathering Army of the Loire, which is manœuvring slowly, as though to move round his right; but, being left by the withdrawal of his Prussian division, with only 20,000 Bavarians, has kept a strict defensive. The seven corps before Metz, having made prisoners of an enemy, including those in the hospitals, nearly man for man their own strength, which is hardly 170,000 effective by the estimate of trustworthy German writers, are now breaking up for further operations. One (the Second) goes to Paris. The Seventh secures the Moselle. The remains of the old First Army (First and Eighth), under MANTEUFFEL—who, as happened to him in 1866, becomes a commander-in-chief by the removal of a senior officer—go to the North of France; those of the Second Army (Third, Ninth, and Tenth), under Prince FREDERIC CHARLES (rewarded for Metz, as his cousin for Sedan, with the justly-earned bâton of Marshal), move southward to crush the Tours Government and its rivals at Lyons and Marseilles. Famine is already distinctly declaring itself at Paris, and to that weapon, even more than to the vast siege-train they are accumulating, do the German staff look with confidence for a speedy triumph which shall eclipse even that of Metz. It is this last fact which places so serious a difficulty in the way of the armistice now, with good reason, confidently expected, notwithstanding the almost insane division of councils within Paris between moderate and vehement Republicans. One chief clause must fix the amount of supplies to be brought into Paris during the temporary cessation of hostilities; and it will be exceedingly difficult so to arrange this as to suit the views of Von MOLTKE and TROCHU, unless indeed political reasons of higher importance are allowed to override those purely military conditions from which each General would naturally seek to use the situation for the advantage of the army entrusted to him.

UNATTACHED STUDENTS.

THE English Universities are singularly hard to be understood by the outside world; and the obvious reason is that they have been preserved from any sweeping revolution, to go through a process of gradual historical development. On the more general advantages and disadvantages of this characteristic we need not dwell at present; but it is certainly an accidental inconvenience that they are of such complex organization, and have so many deeply-rooted idiosyncrasies, that persons not bred up within the sacred precincts can scarcely speak of them without making a blunder. The consequence is that reforms from outside are apt to be very awkwardly directed to their purpose. It is a fact, which has hardly dawned upon the minds of a large part of the British nation, that there is some distinction between Colleges and Universities. Certain persons, however, succeeded in realizing this abstruse truth; they had also heard, and it must be admitted that the information was not entirely erroneous, that the expenses of a College life were more than they ought to be. Putting these two observations together, they appear to have drawn the inference that a material economy might be effected by allowing students to go to the University without becoming members of Colleges. The College was apparently supposed to be a kind of extra luxury, like French and drawing at a suburban academy; or, rather, it was thought that undergraduates might be relieved from the necessity of joining one, as schoolboys might be relieved from subscriptions to a boat-club or a reading-room. Certain other advantages were anticipated; but we may assume that the main object of reformers in permitting the foundation of private halls, and subsequently

in creating a class of unattached students, was the reduction of the necessary expenses. Regarded from this point of view, there is at first sight something almost grotesque about the plan adopted. It could at least be defended only at the price of a heavy imputation upon the management of the Colleges. A College, we may say, stands in a double relation to its undergraduate members; it is partly a boarding-house, and partly a corporation of teachers. In both characters it has manifest advantages over any private establishment. The keeper of a hostel or of a lodging-house would feel bound to make some profit out of the students. The College is, properly speaking, under no such obligation. So long as it pays the expenses of kitchen and butteries, and receives a sufficient rent to keep its buildings in repair, it has everything which it can fairly demand. Considered simply as an hotel with large endowments, it is plain that its bills might and should be lower than those of an ordinary inn, where the host has to maintain himself, and make profit from his capital, out of the payments of his boarders. In teaching, again, the College has an even more decided advantage. The tutors receive salaries of more or less value, independently of the payments of their pupils; and therefore, to say the least of it, they should be able to compete on advantageous terms with private tutors, who have no such endowments to fall back upon. The consequences appear to have corresponded tolerably well with the anticipations which were in fact formed by most observers on the spot. No halls or hostels succeeded in establishing themselves, and from the most recent returns the whole number of unattached students appears to be trifling. The reform, indeed, though trifling, is not without its advantages. At Cambridge, where a large proportion of the undergraduates has always lived in lodgings, it has probably made a smaller change than at Oxford. But in both Universities there are certain persons to whom the concession thus granted may have its conveniences. Take, for example, the case of a schoolmaster who may be anxious to obtain a University degree at a later period of life than most undergraduates. He might naturally feel an indisposition to mix with lads very much younger than himself, and to be subjected to the ordinary discipline of a College. He might therefore find it more agreeable, and a smaller interruption to his ordinary mode of life, if he passed his University career in a lodging, without breaking himself in to the social habits of a College. Such cases will of course be exceptional; and when we remember that the Colleges not only possess the advantages already specified, but that they will generally attract the most promising youths by scholarships and exhibitions, it can hardly be expected that the unattached students will form a large, still less a distinguished, part of the whole undergraduate body.

There remains, however, something to be said in regard to the motives which suggested this rather unpromising scheme. Some years ago it was much truer than it is at the present moment that the Colleges offered, and enforced payment for, unnecessary luxuries. At Cambridge, more especially, the system of private tuition had been carried out to such an extent that the young men were in fact paying twice over for their education. They paid fees for College lectures, which would have been moderate enough if the College lectures had been really valuable. This, however, was so far from being generally the case, that, as a rule, they had to pay larger sums to private tutors to do over again the work which should have been done by the authorities. It may of course be disputed how far the abuse was due to a defective discharge of their duties by the College tutors, and how far it was due only to the mistaken fancies of the young men themselves. Probably there will always be an impression, not it may be entirely erroneous, that lecturers who depend entirely upon giving satisfaction to their pupils will be more energetic than those who have a comparatively fixed salary. But the evil, whatever its extent, has been considerably diminished by the increased efficiency of the College lectures; and, though private tuition has not been beaten out of the field by the competition of the recognised authorities, it has certainly been rendered less essential than formerly. An industrious youth may, in very many cases at any rate, find all the instruction and superintendence of which he stands in need, without paying for supplementary tuition. This, it must be admitted, is a far more legitimate way of reducing expenses than that of admitting extra-collegiate students. It was better that the recognised system of instruction should be rendered efficient than that students should be relieved from the necessity of making use of it. Though there is still something to be done in this direction, we may be satisfied with the rate of progress. Yet in any case the question of College expenses deserves to be kept in view, though we may doubt the merit of this particular expedient. There is always a difficulty in effecting such reforms. Even if we suppose education to be made absolutely gratuitous, the lecturers being entirely supported from the College funds, and the necessary expenses of board and lodging to be reduced to the lowest conceivable standard, we should still have to inquire how far the average expenses would be diminished in practice, and how far a poorer class of students would be hereby encouraged to avail themselves of the advantages offered.

It is plain at first sight that the expenses of a University education do not approximate, except in very rare instances, to the lowest necessary limit. There are a few energetic young men who really live as economically as possible, and succeed in obtaining a degree for a very moderate sum. As a general rule, however, the rate of expenditure will be determined less by the scale of necessary charges than by the ordinary mode of living of the classes from which the University is supplied. There is a very

wide difference between the sum for which an undergraduate can live if he is poor and resolute, and the sum which nine out of ten young men will be pretty certain to spend. It is said, for example, that a young man can get through his career at Oxford for 50*l.* a-year. We do not know precisely what expenses are included in this estimate; but we should certainly think it probable that most young men spend five times as much, if their whole annual expenses are included, and that it requires a good deal of self-denial to spend only twice as much. It is an important fact that a youth can live for so moderate a sum; and it would probably be a good thing for the Universities if more students were attracted to whom such economy was an object. They would be likely to give a healthier tone to the studies, inasmuch as they would have imperative reasons for putting a high value upon their time, and would oppose that tendency to luxurious idleness which is the besetting sin of the great mass of undergraduates. At present, however, there is not a sufficient leaven of such deserving youths to produce an appreciable effect upon the general tone of the place. Those who go to Oxford and Cambridge in the spirit of the practical Scotch student, who works in the fields in summer and lives upon bread and water in order to attend lectures in the winter, are few and far between. The general temper of the undergraduate body is that of spirited young gentlemen, who are quite above looking closely into the details of weekly bills, and are very ready to spend three years in innocent or other amusements. A little bracing up of the moral and intellectual fibres, a degradation of mere physical excellence from the place of pre-eminent esteem which it occupies at present, and a stronger conviction that a University is primarily a place for intellectual culture, would certainly do no harm, and the influx of poor, hardworking men is not at present rapid enough to produce any marked change in these respects.

Now a mere diminution of the necessary expenses is insufficient by itself to bring about this result. A young man who can only afford to spend 50*l.* a-year is, in a general way, expelled from the University by considerations which the low charges do not remove. If, indeed, he is clever enough to win the prizes offered to competition, he has a career open to him which may well be tempting. He has a chance of supporting himself at College and of finding the path to the learned professions become open to him. Most of the exhibitions, however, will go to boys who have had the advantages of training at expensive schools; and it is therefore a very small number of poor students who can in any case be attracted by this means. It is very desirable that poor and promising lads should have this chance thrown open to them; but the infusion of needy talent will, of course, be too small perceptibly to affect the character of the University. The difficulty which prevents what may be called a vertical extension of University education is in fact a deeper one. It is simply that the youth who can only afford 50*l.* a-year for his expenses can very seldom afford the necessary three years for his education. He belongs to the class who are sent to the counting-house or the attorney's office as soon as they are old enough for the purpose, and his parents probably hold the prevailing theory that to send him to the University would be to make a fine gentleman of him and spoil him for the practical work of life. The difficulty is, in fact, the repetition in another sphere of that which hinders the education of the lower classes. The agricultural labourer wants his boy to go into the fields at ten years old, just as the small manufacturer wishes to set his boy down at the desk at sixteen. Even if the education were made absolutely gratuitous, the balance would still be on the wrong side of the account. The time would be spent to no direct pecuniary profit, even if the boy were not, as his friends will assume, rendered less capable than before of doing the work for which he is destined.

So far, then, as the object in lowering the expenses is to induce a poorer class to make use of a University education, it is plain that it only breaks down one, and that not the most insuperable, obstacle. Some other inducement must be offered besides the negative one of not enforcing an extravagant scale of expenditure. At the same time it is essential that the change should not be such as to interfere with the present standard of education. The University might possibly attract more pupils if it substituted book-keeping for algebra, and admitted boys instead of men; but the result would not be worth the sacrifice. There are, however, some changes which may tend gradually to attract the classes which at present care little for a University education, without injuring the standard of University requirements. The efforts which are being made, for example, to encourage the study of physical science will, if successful, do something to render more intelligible the value of higher education. Parents who sneer, ignorantly enough, at Greek and Latin, may be more amenable to the popular charms of chemistry and geology, and may admit that such knowledge is worth the employment of a little time. If by such thoroughly legitimate methods a class which is at present too often indifferent to the claims of the higher culture can be attracted, and the necessary expenses kept down by the Colleges, a valuable element may in time be added to the Universities. These and other improvements which tend to give more reality and vigour to University studies are desirable in themselves, and will probably do more than the rather feeble remedy of admitting unattached students to lower the ordinary scale of expenditure, by attracting students who will come in a more industrious spirit, and more resolved to make the most of time. To such improvements, and to the gradual spread of education to the classes below those which at present

supply the undergraduate body, by means of better schools, and a closer connexion of schools and Universities, we must look for any serious change in the prevailing tone, and for a consequent diminution of the serious evils of idleness and extravagance.

THE PROPOSAL FROM THE LADY'S POINT OF VIEW.

UNTIL woman's rights are put upon an advanced footing it is evident that a matrimonial engagement must constitute a more supreme and pre-eminent event in a woman's life than in a man's. The time may come when, engrossed in business or professional affairs, a woman may class her marriage among the minor episodes of her career; its higher and more memorable interests clustering round successes and trials of a public nature—her great cause, her first operation, her maiden speech. But hitherto it is not so, and therefore all that concerns this central event in woman's life is recognised by the female novelist as her especial sphere. We know this from the mode in which the proposal, with all that gathers round it and leads up to it, stimulates her powers. Every student of these scenes feels it, naturally, to be of less import that the hero should acquit himself with distinction than the heroine. It is her opportunity; her words, her actions, everything that evidences her emotions should prove the presence of feminine perfections, if timidity prevents their distinct expression. In the man we tolerate awkwardness, audacity, even bad taste; but in her we can endure nothing that outrages the ideal. It is her hour; she must not come short of its demands. And to the demands of the occasion the female novelist is especially alive. We perceive a collecting of all her powers, a concentration of the spirits, a quickening sympathy as the proposal nears the keen encounter. The touch of mind with mind, of heart with heart, is interesting to her in a particular sense. It is the heroine's hour; she recognises it also as her own. She feels that she holds the clue in her hands; it is the moment when her thoughts are stronger, her perception more sensitive, her instincts acuter than in her rival—man the author. We have a pathetic instance of this in the life of Miss Austen, who finished *Persuasion* in declining health. She did not bring about the re-engagement of Anne Eliot and Captain Wentworth to her mind, "and went to rest in very low spirits in consequence." It was terrible, no doubt, to fail her heroine at such a crisis. But under the stimulus of the occasion her powers rallied before morning; she cancelled the condemned chapters—which, however, every lover of her works must long to see, believing her rejected pages still better than most other writers' best—by a final effort raised herself to the dignity of her theme, and satisfied herself and, we need not say, all her readers. Nevertheless, though we consider the proposal woman's speciality, yet we suspect she caught the manner from man. The first treatment of the subject according to the modern ideal is to be found in Sir Charles Grandison. In fact Richardson's genius was of the feminine type. In the scenes we refer to he writes from the woman's point of view; he triumphs in the number, the social importance, and the importunate constancy of his heroine's lovers. She is mistress of the art of rejecting, whether with spirit or with compassionate grace. Sir Charles walks the stage, Harriet Byron acts. We are lost indeed in a perfect labyrinth of punctilios and decorums when the two are brought together, and cannot get along for the delicacy of all parties—delicacy of both genders—"for female delicacy is more delicate than man's can be"; Sir Charles's share of this quality prompting him to make his offer first to the lady's grandmother, then as a great favour to beg a quarter of an hour's personal interview in the presence of the same grandmamma and aunt, for "neither Miss Byron nor I can wish the absence of two such parental relations," and all along to affect suspense and fears when we have known her to be in love with him through seven volumes, and if there was anything he might be sure of in this world it was that Harriet Byron was ready to have him. She has to cap all this with her superior female delicacy, and does so; and yet there transpire natural touches, little traits and turns, which keep the reader's sympathies alive. When she shuts herself up in her closet at the moment of his arrival, and her aunt, newly introduced to the "man of men," seeks her out to bring her into his presence—hinting "My love, you will appear to the finest man I ever saw in my life very particular"—we understand the twitter of her feelings, her "dejection," the pain of pleasure after long trial, the satisfaction that peeps out now she is sure of him, whatever Lady Clementina says or does, "if I don't misbehave." We are glad she shows enough of the real princess to pick a little hole even in Sir Charles's propriety. "He led me to my seat and sat down by me, still holding my hand. I withdrew it not presently lest he should think me precise, but as there were so many persons present I thought it was free in Sir Charles Grandison." Many leaves must be turned over before we arrive at the page where capital letters herald the crisis to the reader's glancing eye. "CAN you, madam?" asks he; "I CAN, I do," says she at length—this private declaration being followed next Sunday by a public one, when he takes her hand at the pew door to lead her out of church.

The conduct of the affair partly justifies Mr. Collins in his view of the truly feminine course on these occasions. A ready acceptance was not yet in vogue; and great credit is given to Harriet for a freedom from affectation that allows her to accept Sir Charles when he asks her, without further trial of his or the reader's patience. He does not speak without book when he informs Elizabeth, "I am not now to learn

that it is usual for young ladies to reject the addresses of the man whom they secretly mean to accept when he first applies for their favours, and that sometimes the refusal is repeated a second or even a third time"; or again, when he concludes, "I shall choose to attribute yours to your wish of increasing my love by suspense, according to the usual practice of elegant females," Elizabeth's protestation "I do assure you, sir, that I have no pretensions whatever to that kind of elegance which consists in tormenting a respectable man," concludes a scene which is a satire on a prevailing impression that to accept at once showed an eagerness not consistent with feminine propriety.

When woman becomes the formal instructress of her sex, this topic very properly receives didactic treatment. Miss Edgeworth is great here. In *Patronage*, she teaches the girl of eighteen what reply she is to make to her first offer. "To this first declaration of love (from the fascinating Buckhurst Falconer) Caroline listened with a degree of composure which astonished and mortified her love. There was none of the flutter of vanity in her manner, nor any of the repressed satisfaction of pride. There was in her looks and words only simplicity and dignity. She said that she was at present happily occupied in various ways, endeavouring to improve herself, and that she should be sorry to have her mind turned from these pursuits." This is dignity, a little formal in the wording perhaps, but we like it better than the notion of modesty and feminine coyness drawn in her later heroine Helen, who is too self-conscious to show herself to advantage in the presence of an unengaged young man, and is only betrayed into nature and ease by her friend's figment of a secret attachment elsewhere.

But this coyness of approach towards the masculine mind which once indicated true feminine reserve, not bearing the test of experiment, has gone out of favour with more modern exponents of the feelings. In its place there is the notion of struggle and intellectual conflict. As the declaration approaches, the lovers, in some ladies' novels, set their teeth for an encounter—a trial of will and strength through which alone a true understanding can be evolved. Miss Brontë first set this fashion. "I see the line which is my limit," is the lady's thought. "Nothing shall make me pass it. My heart may break; if it is baffled, let it break." "We had reached a critical point," notes the gentleman, "and we halted and looked at each other. She would not give in, I felt." "You can tell me, and shall tell me," he cries. "I never will," is the response. If the reader were not turning over the last pages, he might fear what would come of it. This duel of hearts is Miss Brontë's ideal, but she has milder scenes of very peculiar excellence. What pleasant original humour is shown in *Shirley*, where the boy Martin Yorke acquires a new insight into human nature by watching poor unreserved lover Caroline under the agonies of fear for the life of her wounded lover, Moore—"I suppose she is what they call *in love* with that long thing in the next chamber." And when with delightful ingenuity he has brought the two together, and, Moore making a much needed act of contrition, she takes his thin fingers between her two little hands "et les effleura de ses lèvres," the unspoken contract, with Martin for witness, brings these people together in as distinct and vivid a bond of interest as fiction often achieves. In *Villette* the love-making between Breton and Paulina is easy and graceful, as befits representatives of the elect class exempt from the greater trials of life. The girl in the dim twilight telling of her first love-letter; the confident lover who showed his sanguine temperament by smiling in the agony of suspense; the betrothal, where "Polly" pleads for him with her father—she can take care of them both, "he will be no inconvenience"; the father's gruff submission to the inevitable—all this is told with a reality which we look for in vain where masculine genius winds up the threads of its story. Mrs. Gaskell, remarkable as is her power at a scene, is scarcely great in this direction. In *North and South* the heroine rejects her Manchester lover with spirit enough, but the way they come together at last is ineffective. Mary Barton in the trial scene, where she at length owns her preference, is somewhat staid; not only is the scene impossible in fact, which does not very much matter, but the reader scarcely desires it to be true. There is, we remember, a good story in *Ruth* where the faithful servant relates her mode of receiving the addresses of a Methodist preacher, who unfortunately for him chose the time for paying his court when she was engaged in washing the kitchen floor. She felt it to be no occasion for remitting her exertions, but doggedly pursued him with brush and pail as he uneasily shifted from chair to chair so long as a dry spot remained whence to declare his passion. It is a matter of regret that George Eliot's views of woman's mission interfere with her success in this line, which must otherwise have been great. We have not space, and it might be invidious, to review living authoresses who throw themselves with interest into this department of the novel. We make one exception, however, in favour of *Woman's Kingdom*, by Mrs. Craik, the most didactic of modern illustrators of our subject, and who in *Good Words* throws over the old conventional treatment for her view of nature and good sense. Her heroine is a schoolmistress to be sure, which accounts for anything; but what a gulf sixty years have made between the frigidities of Miss Edgeworth and the artless candour, the frank admissions, of her sister-teacher of to-day! Edna receives a love-letter from a worthy man. "Poor Edna!" says her handsome sister. "Rich Edna!" cries her chronicler, "rich in the utmost wealth that heaven can give to mortal man!" "Never, until through the

rate of death she should enter on the world everlasting, would there come to her such another hour as that first hour after she read William Stedman's letter."

After all, nobody can discuss this subject without returning at last to Mr. Trollope as its professor. Every novel-reader reads him, and knows that we here touch on his speciality. It is one on which he never ceases to exercise his ingenuity. He speculates and theorizes upon it, and illustrates it by a never-ending variety of examples. Here his fancy is inexhaustible. Realist as he is, it is his delight to divest the scene of its mystery and its terrors. He represents it as easy to make an offer. The difficulty with him is not to make one. Sham, illusory proposals constitute the gist even of his flirtations, and play round the real ones. To the boy of twenty it comes as easily and naturally as the exercise of his limbs. "Oh, oh Mary," cries Frank Gresham, "do you love me? Don't you love me? Won't you love me? Say you will. Oh, Mary, dearest Mary. Will you? Won't you? Do you? Don't you? Come now, you have a right to give a fellow an answer." And in justification of the easy style as opposed to the poetically-passionate phraseology which fiction indulges, and which within due bounds it is its mission to instill into the language of the affections, he quotes a scene from real life:—

A man cannot well describe that which he has never seen nor heard; but the absolute words of one such scene did once come to the author's knowledge. The couple were by no means plebeian, or below the proper standard of high bearing and high breeding; they were a handsome pair, living among educated people, sufficiently given to mental pursuits, and in every way what a pair of polite lovers ought to be. The all-important conversation passed in this wise. The site of the passionate scene was the sea-shore, on which they were walking in autumn.

GENTLEMAN.—"Well, Miss —, the long and the short of it is this: here I am; you can take me or leave me."

LADY.—scratching a gutter on the sand with her parasol, so as to allow a little salt water to run out of one hole into another.—"Of course I know that's all nonsense."

GENTLEMAN.—"Nonsense! By Jove, it isn't nonsense at all. Come, Jane; here I am: come, at any rate you can say something."

LADY.—"Yes. I suppose I can say something."

GENTLEMAN.—"Well, which is it to be; take me or leave me?"

LADY.—very slowly, and with a voice perhaps hardly articulate, carrying on at the same time her engineering work on a wider scale.—"Well, I don't exactly want to leave you."

It is the affluence of his genius in this department that constitutes Mr. Trollope's widest popularity; it is the fact that you cannot open a page anywhere in any number but the chances are you come upon the scent or the fact of an offer. There is abundant matter for critics to admire in his lawyers, parsons, politicians, rustics, bagmen, or whatever other aspect of familiar life he sets himself to delineate and to divest of its conventional dignities; but the circulating library likes him for his straightforward love-making, terminating, in true English fashion, in a proposal. It likes the offer not slurred over, not taken for granted, not shirked, but treated with distinction as the proper decorous conclusion of all that has gone before. He indulges this national turn. In each novel there is something distinctive and memorable in the method, provoking discussion and stimulating to criticism on the only point on which many fair novel-readers have a critical judgment. They take everything else on trust, but they have an opinion as to whether Lily did not lay her heart too open to Crosby, whether she should not have been won over at last by Johnny Eames's constancy; whether it was quite ladylike in Mrs. Bold to box Mr. Slope's ears; whether their pride would have stooped to take Sir John Ball when such a strain was needed to bring him to the point; whether the romance of an offer does not suffer from its being made in a painter's apron while the lady as Jael holds the nail and hammer; whether Mary Thorne was well or ill placed on the donkey which suited Frank Gresham's plans so well; whether the Widow Greenow and her two swains, Cheeseacre the Norfolk farmer, and the Captain who poses to her the hills and the valleys, are not too vulgar for anything, and so on; and they appreciate the writer who thus exercises their intelligence accordingly. But compare the most effective of his scenes of this sort with similar efforts from skilled female pens, and it will be acknowledged that one writes from the head, the other from the heart. Still, he is woman's champion, he allows her her moment of pre-eminence, his feelings go with her, and generally gives her the best of it. Mr. Trollope is kinder indeed to woman generally than most of his brotherhood, and especially we note to the widow, that mark for masculine satire often as unjust in its assumptions as Weller Senior, who lived in a delusion which makes him the typical victim of her wiles. As an offer the story deserves a place here *in extenso*, while at the same time it disposes of a calumny. The reader may remember that, misled by the splendour of his get-up, the touters at Doctors' Commons assumed that his visit there could have but one object, and succeeded in persuading him that he wanted a licence:—

"And what's the lady's name?" says the lawyer. My father was struck all of a heap. "Blessed if I know," says he. "Not know?" says the lawyer. "No more nor you do," says my father. "Can't I put that in afterwards?" "Impossible!" says the lawyer. "Wery well," says my father after he'd thought a moment.—"Put down Mrs. Clarke." "What Clarke?" says the lawyer, dipping his pen in the ink. "Susan Clarke Markis of Granby Dorking," says my father. "She'll have me if I ask, I dessey. I never said nothing to her, but she'll have me I know." The licence was made out, and she did have him. What's more, she's got him now.

As proposals in the Weller class are subject to another public opinion, and are constantly made vicariously, it is probable that the hostess of the Granby saw nothing worse than an engaging presumption in this proceeding. As in royal contracts, an ambassador

is constantly employed in these circles. We have known a man of credit and substance, who felt himself ill-qualified for love-making at first hand, employ the clerk of the Poor-Law Board to sound the object of his choice, as the only dignified official within his reach; but as coyness itself can hardly avoid a flippancy, pardonable under the circumstances, in receiving or rejecting such addresses, we are content that our exhausted space forbids our pursuing this line of our subject further.

DURHAM AND ITS SATELLITES.

WE spoke a little time back of the great churches of York and Lincoln as the two among the great minsters of England which are most commonly put forward as candidates for the first rank. The truth is that to dispute which church ought positively to take the first place is idle. Each church has its own merits and its own faults, and there is none which can be put forward as undoubtedly surpassing all others in every respect. And, provided the merits and defects of a building are thoroughly understood, the process of striking the balance between them is very much a matter for each man's personal taste. The question certainly does not lie wholly between York and Lincoln. For harmony and unity of design there is nothing like Salisbury; for majesty of bulk and variety of style there is nothing like Ely. Perhaps no one will argue that St. Alban's is the most beautiful church in England, but it is an undoubted fact that it is the longest. For overwhelming internal effect Westminster rises above all, but then the mass of mankind do not look on Westminster as a church, or as a building at all, but simply as a place for the display of monuments. Lichfield is very low, and outrageously long for its height, but the grace of its three spires is unequalled. For a wonderful fusing together of the effect of the earlier Romanesque and of the later Gothic there is nothing like the nave of Winchester. Peterborough has its unrivalled western portico; Canterbury has the noblest of central towers. Norwich would hardly receive the first honours from any one, unless haply at the hands of some most patriotic East-Angle, but it is well to remember the existence of so great and magnificent a church, which very few people out of East-Anglia seem to know anything about. And there is another church as far to the North as Norwich is to the East which is also far less generally known than it ought to be. This is the cathedral church of the once princely Bishopric of Durham, a minster of the very first rank, which, if difference of style hinders it from direct competition with York and Lincoln, has perhaps a better founded claim than either of them to rank at the head of churches of its own style. The Norman form of Romanesque has, both in England and in Normandy, produced a series of churches of wonderful size and grandeur—Jumièges, Ely, Peterborough, Gloucester, Tewkesbury, Southwell, Norwich, and the twin minsters of Caen. But we should have less hesitation in placing Durham, as a specimen of Romanesque, above all of them than we should have in placing either Lincoln before York or York before Lincoln.

But Durham, looked at either from an historical or an architectural point of view, connects itself in either aspect with a class of churches which may pass as its satellites. It is the greatest ecclesiastical foundation of the extreme North, but it is in some sort the newest. Hexham, Lindisfarne, Jarrow, Monkwearmouth, Chester-le-Street, are all places of earlier ecclesiastical renown, and three at least of their number still retain portions of far earlier work than anything in the church which came so far to surpass them. Hexham still boasts the crypt of Wilfrith, the remains of that ancient minster which men fondly deemed was the noblest pile north of the Alps. Monkwearmouth and Jarrow too, churches restored in the eleventh century, still keep portions beside which the work of eleventh-century restorers passes for modern—the porch raised by Benedict Biscop and the choir in which Beda worshipped. Durham has nothing, and could have nothing, to set against these venerable traces of the earliest English Christianity. Durham, church and city, was the creation of a single man in the last years of the tenth century. In this kind of origin it resembles Salisbury. Still the New Sarum keeps up the name and memory of the Old, and the distance between the two is so small that, if Salisbury had grown as some other cities have grown, the Old might have lived on as the acropolis of the New. But the fixing of the see of the Bernician Bishopric at Durham was as distinct a migration as the removal of the Mid-English Bishopric from Dorchester to Lincoln. The earliest Bishops, the Scottish Aidan and the English Cuthbert, lived well nigh as hermits in their Holy Isle of Lindisfarne. The see was then moved to the mainland and fixed at Chester-le-Street. But in the days of Æthelred, in the storm of the Danish invasions, when King Ida's fortress at Bamborough proved no defence, the reigning Bishop Ealdhun looked out for a site for his church which should at least be strong by nature. And the site which he chose struck the eye of William of Malmesbury as so strong by nature that he seems almost to wonder at those who thought it needful to give it the further defence of a castle. Church and city then arose on a site which till then had been a wilderness, a peninsular site like those of Shrewsbury, Bern, and Besançon. The new minster and the dwelling-place of its prelate were placed on the edge of the hill with the winding Wear at their feet. The episcopal house grew into the mighty castle of the Prince Bishops, commanding the isthmus, and cutting off the height itself as a citadel at once military

and ecclesiastical. The town spread itself over the slope of the hill and beyond the river on both sides. The result is that, of all English minsters, Durham and Lincoln are the two which most thoroughly realize the conception of the temple built on high, whose foundation is like the ground which God hath made continually. And it is singular that these two comparatively modern creations, where in the one case the city itself is a creation of the tenth century, while in the other the church was translated to an existing city in the eleventh, are precisely those two among English cities which come nearest to the general effect of that utterly different class of Gaulish cities where the cathedral church has stood, from the earliest days of Christianity, on the loftiest spot of the Gaulish hill-fort which had grown into a Roman town.

The strength of the position chosen by Ealdhun was put to the test, and stood the test successfully, in the case of more than one Scottish inroad. Against the subtler arts of the Norman its strength was never fairly tried. William's first attempt to occupy the post was done by deputy. Robert of Comines, sent by him as Earl of Northumberland, was admitted into the city by Bishop Æthelwine, but the citizens and the men of the neighbourhood gathered together in the night and slew the stranger Earl and his followers. Fire was freely used in the struggle; the Bishop's house was burned, and it was held to be only by the special interposition of Saint Cuthbert that the minister escaped the same fate. The second time William came himself; but it was when men's hearts were bowed down by fear after the last fall of York and the great harrying. He found the town forsaken, save only by the sick and aged, who were unable to fly and were huddled together in the minster. Before many years had passed, the church and dwelling of the Bishops of Durham arose in a new form. The English prelates had been satisfied with a house; their Norman successors needed a castle; and that mighty pile gradually arose which looks down side by side with the minster, and which modern times have so strangely adapted to the purposes of the local University. The church too needed, according to all Norman precedent, to be rebuilt. As in many other cases, we instinctively ask what could have been the need of rebuilding a church which was still almost new, and whose style must have followed the same essential forms as its successor. The same thought seems to have struck Simeon of Durham when he remarks that, when in 1093 the Norman Bishop William began the building of the new church, it was but ninety-eight years since the first church had been begun by Ealdhun. But the new church was to be "nobilior et major" than the old one. In most cases we suspect the chief difference would lie in the word "major." Everything goes to show that the Norman prelates despised the churches which they found in England mainly because their size did not come up to the grandeur of Norman conceptions. The early Norman churches were certainly not more richly ornamented than the English buildings which they supplanted, but they were vastly bigger. But in the case of Durham the word "nobilior" is not used at random. It is plain that William of St. Carileph's building at Durham marks an era in the history of art. He built the choir, including as usual just so much of the constructive nave as was needed for a buttress to the central tower built or designed. The monks carried on the transepts after his death, and the nave, except the vault, was finished by the next Bishop, the famous or infamous Ralph Flambard, whose episcopate reaches from 1099 to 1133. All this we are distinctly told by the local historians, Simeon and his continuator. And this is enough to place Bishop William or those whom he employed in the very first rank of mediæval builders. The proportion chosen for the internal elevation simply makes Durham the most stately of all Romanesque churches. In the days of the early Norman style there seem to have been two types of interior in vogue. One had low piers and a vast triforium, fully as high as the arcade, such as we see at Norwich, and such as once was in the choirs of Gloucester and Tewkesbury. The other, as at Jumièges and in the naves of Gloucester and Tewkesbury, had piers of vast height, throwing the triforium—especially at Tewkesbury, where this type appears in its extreme form—into utter insignificance. This, there is every reason to believe, was the type of King Eadward's church at Westminster. The Durham architect had evidently studied both forms, and he produced something better than either. He made his pillars the main features of the building, vast in bulk, vast in height, yet avoiding the extravagant height of Tewkesbury, and leaving the triforium an important, though not, as at Norwich, an over-important feature. But this was not all. At the first glance at Durham choir, it is hard to believe that the work is so early as it really is, that it comes within the eleventh century, being built between 1093 and 1099. The mouldings look later; they are something quite different from the square orders commonly found in the earlier Norman. But the change is in fact a systematic use of those heavy rolls which were little used in the earlier Norman, but which were used abundantly, though unsystematically, in the primitive Romanesque. In fact we are strongly tempted to think that William of St. Carileph or his architect actually began that system of later Norman mouldings out of which grew the elaborate mouldings of later days, and that he devised it in some measure out of hints given by the English architecture of an earlier time.

However this may be, there can be no doubt that the choir of Durham is in advance of his age. This is at once shown by the transepts, which are known to be later in date, but which are undoubtedly earlier in feeling. The monks, left to their own resources, could not carry out William of St. Carileph's work as he had begun it. But Ralph Flambard, who, with all his

faults, was a man of spirit and energy, could enter into his great conception, and could carry it out, with the same proportions and in the same general style, but with an increased richness of detail. Between them they have certainly produced a building which is the very glory of English Romanesque, stern, stately, and dignified, but without a trace of rudeness or clumsiness. But there is another point of view in which the Durham Romanesque may be looked at. The way in which the piers are channelled and fluted at once connects Durham with Waltham, Dunfermline, and Lindisfarne. Of these Lindisfarne, the mother church of Durham brought down to the estate of a daughter, most likely simply followed its child or parent. Dunfermline too probably imitated Durham. The monastery was founded by Malcolm Canmore, who, according to some accounts, had a hand in the foundation of Durham in the last year of his life. The choir of Dunfermline then, if it existed, would probably be older than the choir of Durham. But the part which remains is the nave. There an arcade, which is simply Durham over again with less of massiveness in the piers, supports a triforium and clerestory of a plainer and earlier type. These last probably represent the architecture of Malcolm's choir, the one most characteristic feature of Durham having been imitated in the nave, while in other respects the earlier design was carried out.

But how about Waltham and its disputed date? Domesday shows that, as regards property, there was a connexion between the two places much closer than was agreeable to Waltham. When therefore we find a marked feature of likeness between the two churches, the chances are that one followed the other. And when we look both at the details and at the proportions of the two churches, it is almost impossible to doubt that Waltham came before Durham. And, if it be allowed that Waltham is older than 1093, we will only venture to ask whether the years between 1066 and 1093 were very likely years for much building in that particular place.

Thus Durham is surrounded by a crowd of lesser, though some of them older, churches whose history is closely connected with its own. From Jarrow and Monkwearmouth she drew her monks. Up to the days of William of St. Carileph Durham had secular canons. But in 1070 or thereabouts a handful of monks from Winchcombe restored the monastic life which had well nigh died out in Northumberland, and repaired the venerable churches of Beda and Benedict Biscop. From those lowly houses Bishop William drew the monks which he substituted for canons in his cathedral church, and the elder minsters became cells to the newer. We know of few sights more wonderful than those venerable remains so closely connected with the history of the earliest English Christianity still standing, and standing too in such spots as Jarrow and Monkwearmouth are now. When those spots were chosen as the sites of monasteries, they were doubtless wildernesses in one sense. The trade which made the later wealth of Durham and its church has made them wildernesses in another sense.

We have hardly room to speak of the later features of the church of Durham. The East and the West ends assume forms equally unusual. The matchless Galilee gives us a form of Romanesque which is the very opposite to the choir and nave. The grandeur and massiveness which Normans and Englishmen alike loved has given way to the airy grace of the Saracen. The Eastern transept, the Nine Altars, a failure without, is a noble feature within, and it is most ingeniously managed so to give the main body of the church a really good finish from within, which in no way suggests its peculiar form. Yet we could wish that theapse of William of St. Carileph had stayed to give us forms yet nobler than those of Peterborough and Norwich. Still, as it is, there is no nobler interior than that of Durham, which is all the more perfect because it does not reach the extravagant length of York and Lincoln. Of the modern arrangements some features are good; the nave at least is not useless. Yet it is strange, above all in the church of Saint Cuthbert, to see the choir changed to all outward appearance into a choir of votaries of the gentler sex. Figures in shawls and bonnets fill the canopied stalls, while the wearers of stoles and surplices, Canons minor and major alike, are content with the humbler places below them. The Bishop and the Dean alone, on what principle it is not for us to guess, are privileged to share the honours of the exalted sisterhood, whom the more democratic use of Llandaff would drive forth among the open benches of the nave.

THE ENGLISH ECLIPSE EXPEDITION.

THE 22nd of December, with the total Eclipse of the Sun which it will bring with it, is now so near that even if the minutest detail of the work to be done by each observer had been arranged, the astronomical world would still have been in a state of considerable excitement. The present condition of things may, therefore, be imagined when it is stated that now, when American astronomers are coming over in shoals, and even the Pope's astronomer—the Astronomer Papal, we suppose we should call him—is spending a good round sum and hastening south, the English astronomers find themselves without a ship and without organization. Moreover, the daily press, to its credit, is calling loudly on the Government to save us from a national disgrace; and our scientific contemporary, *Nature*, brings forward certain statements which, while they partly relieve the Government from blame, point unmistakably to mismanagement, or worse, on the part of the "Joint Committee" of the Royal and Royal Astronomical Societies which long ago

was appointed to lay the claims of science before the Government, and to take the proper steps to insure that England should be duly represented.

But we have not yet exhausted the causes or the indications of the excitement. The astronomer in command of the American Government Expedition, Professor Peirce, who recently arrived in this country, seeing the apparent collapse of the English efforts, most generously invited some of our observers to take advantage of his extensive preparations—an offer which we believe has been accepted; so that, as the matter now stands, unless some step is at once taken, the only English observations made on the Eclipse of 1870 will be made under the auspices of the American Government. Now, even if we take Mr. Robert Lowe to represent the Government, and the Astronomer Royal to represent the masterly inactive Joint Committee of which we have before spoken, surely neither of those gentlemen can think that it is right and proper that this should be—that England, which has done so much for solar research, should, when there is hope that the edifice may be in a measure crowned and the mysteries of the beautiful corona revealed, give way, and allow others to complete the work. We do not care to enter into the question as to who is to blame, but we must express a strong opinion that it is the duty both of the Government and of the men of science to rescue us at once from the present utterly discreditable state of affairs; and moreover we may give our reasons for believing that, although much precious time has been lost, there is ample time left to send out expeditions which shall do much good work.

Very fortunately the progress of solar physics here comes to our aid in, one may say, an unhelped-for degree. What we really want this year is not so much large and complicated instruments, which take time to make, as a large number of skilled observers, with smaller and more simple instruments such as already exist. Let us explain this. When the *Himalaya* was, without any difficulty, accorded to the astronomers in 1860—a precedent, by the way, which the Admiralty has apparently forgotten—and sailed to Spain in the beautiful summer weather of that year, the pressing thing to be done was to determine the nature of the red flames, or protuberances, which had for so long been a standing wonder; and Mr. De la Rue and other observers determined to accomplish this result by means of photography, and for this purpose the Kew photoheliograph was brought into requisition. Now this, with an observatory built in England and all the necessary appliances, photographic, chemical, and the like, was in itself a considerable affair; but fortunately the photoheliograph did its work; that the prominences really belonged to the sun was finally settled, and this instrument will not be required in the coming eclipse. This is one difficulty out of the way, for there is certainly not time to prepare for photographic operations.

The position of the red protuberances being determined, the next thing was to ascertain their real nature; to know that they were solar was not sufficient; astronomers wanted to know what they were, how they were built up, of what substances they were composed, and in what condition those substances exist. Here was an inquiry to solve which the services of the spectroscope were brought to bear on the eclipsed sun in 1868 observed in India. Special telescopes and spectroscopes were sent out by the English, French, and German Governments, involving great outlay and time in their construction. But all the world knows that the question half answered during the eclipse was completely answered the next day, and may be now answered any day the sun shines without any eclipse at all. Here, then, is another difficulty out of the way; large telescopes and elaborate spectroscopes are no longer absolutely essential in the equipment of an eclipse expedition.

What then remains to be done which can only be done during an eclipse? One inquiry is left to us which perhaps is more difficult than all the rest. Far outside the solar envelope which Mr. Lockyer has named the Chromosphere, of which envelope, as seen with the un eclipsed sun, the famous red flames or red prominences are but the higher waves, there is seen during eclipses a beautiful halo of light, often of very irregular outline, with long, sometimes curved, beams or streamers. This halo is called the *Corona*. In spite of all prior observations of it, in spite even of the fierce attacks made on it by the American astronomers last year, the corona still holds its own. Some say that it is a solar atmosphere, others that it is an effect due to the illumination of our own atmosphere, others that it indicates meteors or comets or some strange cosmical bodies revolving round the sun, others that it is in part subjective. These suggested explanations show how far we are yet from understanding its real nature, and to get some information on this point is the thing above all others to attempt during the coming eclipse.

Now, for this, large and elaborate instruments are not necessary. In fact, given several pairs of observers with equal eye for form and small telescopes of equal power, or even no telescopes at all, scattered as widely as possible over the regions where the eclipse is visible, much light might be thrown on the question without any other instrumental aid. If the drawings of each pair of observers are similar, then we get rid of the subjectivity; and if all the drawings of all the pairs are alike, there will be a great probability that the corona is solar, if not, it will be rendered probable that our atmosphere has something to do with it; and to bring this difference out still better, Etna and the highest and lowest lands in the eclipse-swept region should be occupied. Here we may express our gratification that Professor Tyndall will probably observe the eclipse from the highest point of Etna.

There are, however, other modes of attack. The polariscope and spectroscope must be used, and such instruments as are required already exist in hundreds. It is to be desired that the proper use of the polariscope during eclipses should be at once expounded by some one having authority; for many of the prior observations made by this instrument are worse than useless, and great care must be taken to limit the observations to the corona proper and its outlyers. To observe the *chromosphere* with this instrument would be sheer waste of time, and worse, for it would be misleading. With regard to the spectroscopes necessary, the handy waistcoat-pocket instruments made by Mr. Browning, fitted instead of an eyepiece to the smallest telescope, may do good service; but the more powerful they are, and the more coronal light they have to work with, of course the better.

From all these considerations it is clear that even now it is not too late to send out expeditions which may do much important work; and although the parties when they reach their destinations will find the ground occupied by the more ambitious instruments sent out by the American, Italian, Spanish, and probably the German Governments, still, surely it would be a lasting disgrace, both to the British Government and to British science, did they not go at all. Moreover there may be a distinct advantage in varying the means of attack, and the very portability of the instruments to which we have referred will enable observers to spread themselves over a large area of country, and thus considerably diminish the chances of bad weather, or even a few clouds in the sky, preventing any work being done.

This brings us to say a few words on the choice of stations. It is absolutely necessary that observers should be sent both to Sicily and Spain. It does not want an Astronomer Royal to point out the unwisdom of putting all our eggs into one basket; and if Mr. Childers cannot spare two good ships, there remains the American method—a more expensive one, but one not to be despised—of helping the observers to their destinations. And here we may remind Mr. Lowe that the American Treasury economized on other items, and said so, in order to spare the 6,000*l.* voted for their expeditions; and we may remind Mr. Gladstone that the memory of national efforts to extend the boundaries of knowledge lives long after party questions have ceased even to interest the historian.

As the Joint Committee met yesterday, and the Council of the British Association meets to-day, to consider the question, it is to be hoped that the scientific men will soon put themselves right with the Government. If the leaders they have chosen do not care for a winter cruise across the Bay of Biscay, and are disinclined to help where they cannot command, let the workers take the matter into their own hands; and if, as is stated, the letter conveying the requirements of science was sent to the wrong Government department, for Heaven's sake let them have done with circumlocution and appeal to Mr. Gladstone himself, who possesses sufficient culture to appreciate the necessity for the appeal. On the other hand, if Mr. Childers's blank refusal was hastily given—for we must not forget that Mr. Childers has flatly refused ships; and we mention this in justice to the scientific men, because it may explain, though it does not excuse, their paralysis—surely the Government can only gain in public estimation by withdrawing from a position which must fatally alienate from them the support of the intellect and culture of the country.

THE NEWSPAPERS AND THE WAR.

THE Press and the public seem to have got embarrassed in a vicious circle, from which extrication seems well nigh hopeless. The one reacts on the other, pandering to the gratification of the shadow of an exploded taste. Readers of newspapers have confirmed themselves in the habit of sensation until they have come to exist on the illusions of what once was a genuine excitement. Rare stimulants of occasional veritable incident contribute to prolong this factitious state of things. Looked at professionally, the war was an unmixed blessing to journalists bound beneath a wheel of Ixion, and doomed to revolve through the languor of a silly season. Whole flights of pens more or less clever, lovers of adventure with literary tastes, scattered themselves over the war country, and, combining business with pleasure, made capital and reputation out of their summer holiday. For a man who deems excitement cheaply bought at the cost of a little roughing and some contingent risk of martyrdom, who delights in wild studies of character taken from the life, who cares for a practical course of the philosophy of the mind, with perpetual illustrations of passion in each stage of fermentation—for such a man nothing can be more seductive than the War Correspondent's life, so long as the fine weather lasts, and enjoyment is yet unstayed by the monotony of use. But there is such a thing as overdoing excitement. By this time, we venture to surmise, editors and their War Correspondents, as a rule, have had nearly enough of it. But this by the way, for our present concern is not with them. If we breathe a prayer, it is offered on behalf of the public. Or, rather, we would appeal from Philip hounded to Philip sober; from the public, docile slave of habit and blinded minister of its own suffering, to the public disillusioned. Man exhausts his perverted ingenuity in adding to the ills which he must accept in the way of nature. Why should we peaceful neutrals insist upon taking more than our inevitable share of the burden of this unhappy war? Day by day the journals, which are so much to all of us, become more and more unreadable and poison our breakfasts. Column upon

column is consecrated to stereotyped news of the war, to dreary repetitions of the contemporary history that goes on repeating itself; to the rumours that are turned out in batches, regular as morning rolls; to the dismal *réchauffés* of reflections we have been turning in our minds for months past, regularly as the cow that ruminates in the damp meadow. It is evidently much against the grain that the leader-writers sit down to comment upon exhausted topics, and garnish them with threadbare sentiment; to draw morals that are become familiar as household words; to spin away at the same interminable, colourless thread. Whether they like it or not, morning after morning, the conditions of their existence drive them along the old beaten paths to the old familiar ground. Whether they walk by the way of France like the *Standard*, or take the line of Germany like the *Times* and *Daily News*, morning after morning they find themselves face to face in the habitual trysting-place, standing in precisely the same attitude in the identical tracks. We can conceive them often gazing wistfully aside at metal more attractive which they are forced to pass; fascinated by some subject that in happier or less eventful times would have been a nine days' grief or joy to the clients they cater for. In vain; duty beckons and vociferates constantly the inevitable words of command—Eyes front; quick march to the battle-field. The gown must give way to arms, and the whole corps of the pen is mobilized and ordered upon active military service. The *Captain* goes down in the wake of the *Royal George*; vanishes from the surface of the seas in a summer gale; she goes down freighted apparently with the decision of a long-vexed question of the last consequence to our naval supremacy. Indirectly it is a question of war, and accordingly we hear of it, but that is all. Imagine, in any ordinary season, the ghoul-like ecstasies of the *Telegraph* over the gallant victims submerged in the craving brine. Conceive how its young hyenas would have torn passion into tatters, and rolled themselves luxuriously over sympathy and sorrow, until they left those blessed feelings threadbare and shockingly unsavoury. But now, having just opened their jaws and made one or two melancholy moans, they were constrained to leave off mouthing, and go back to the battle-fields. At this moment it would seem as if the Spaniards have made up their minds about a King, and until this war broke out Spain was the stock theme of our foreign politicians. Now a couple of telegrams, one intimating the acceptance of the candidate, the other the assent of the European Powers, are the alpha and omega of the matter. As for our War Correspondents, they have their orders, and hold their briefs. They must write, whether there be more or less to say that is worth the writing; the straw may run out, but they must make up the tale of bricks all the same. It is very hard upon other vested interests as well as on the reading public. Disinterested regenerators of their country's institutions have missed the innings they complacently look forward to in the dead season. Mr. Beales in despair sells out of the corps of sedition, and shelves himself resignedly on the judicial Bench. The eloquent orators of the slums and gutters cry to the skeletons of mobs in the deserted parks and places, and find no one but the Government to listen to them. Members of Parliament on the stump have to speak to the local reporters; authors apparently go on writing from some inscrutable law of their nature, because, being wound up, they must of a necessity let themselves run down.

What do we get in exchange for all we lose? Why should all these intelligent and respectable or energetic classes find their respective occupations gone? Simply because the press and its readers insist on playing at cross-purposes. Because the stimulant that was at first a pleasant draught is now a philter pregnant with nightmare. Because the public is hag-ridden by a horrible oppression, and needs to be awakened before it can be itself again. We grant that at first the war was horribly interesting, and could not but be so. Lookers-on were at once shocked and touched by a spectacle that spoke to those natural sympathies which make the whole world kin. Then, when sympathy became dulled, the spectacle addressed itself to those baser but no less natural feelings which make the popularity of writers like Miss Braddon. We were plunged into the sensation scenes of a tragedy, and all we could guess was that the *dénouement* must be appalling. From the prelude at Saarbrück to the climax at Sedan—we say nothing of Metz, for that was foreseen—the German strategists conducted us from surprise to surprise. But all that once over, and the general position of matters broadly defined, how very little new there was left to be said! We are far from saying that policy and strategy must not mould themselves in accordance with ever-changing conditions, that an unconsidered trifle in the path of the invasion might not possibly change the whole march of events. Thus there must be continually food for ever-changing speculations, and flexible minds must follow the several combinations of the war, and find intelligent listeners and earnest critics. Every now and then, as we have said, an event occurs to swamp all collateral curiosity, and monopolize the columns of the press. On the day after the capitulation of Metz we could have resigned ourselves to four leaders on the subject, and an unavoidable deferment of the police reports to boot. When Gambetta favours France with a bulletin or proclamation, we are content that the admirers of brilliant fiction should hang on the lips of the distinguished Minister and his commentators. But what is it we have, as a rule? The same dreary chronicle of the war; fragments from the same melancholy autobiography of wandering monomaniacs. We should be curious to know how often we have read in the letters of "Our Own Correspondent," "I may seem egotis-

tical, but really in the routine of an uneventful life one has little or nothing to write upon but oneself." Too true; only why should the coincidence of a European war with Scribbler's tour in the track of the armies condemn us to listen to the *menus* of Scribbler's daily meals, and to sympathize with him under the infliction of over-boiled eggs? It may be hard for Scribbler to cut tough beef, but it is an incident of his *métier*, and why should we be called upon to curse him because he curses his meat at most intolerable length? Dash off the picture of a battlefield seen dimly through clouds of smoke or lighted fitfully by bursting shells—good and well. There are little individual touches that must always add a vivid realism to a somewhat familiar picture, and we look on with perennial interest as we pass from battle-piece to battle-piece in the Galleries of Versailles. But why should we be kept standing for long weeks, staring at the monotonous pattern of the panels on the blank wall between the pictures? We would a great deal sooner turn and have our customary glimpses at our happy English life; follow the culprits dragged up before the worthy metropolitan magistrates, as we used to do; assist at the coroner's inquests upon our frequent railway accidents (the railway companies hold horrible carnival this silent season), or even listen to the after-dinner oratory of agricultural dinners. Suppose we seek recreation in our illustrated papers. After a visit to the exhibition at the Crystal Palace we will not say the sketches are ground off by machinery set up in the Strand and Fleet Street, but in the present advanced state of scientific progress we see no special reason why they should not be. How well we have come to know that burning village with the battle raging fiercely in the background, and the columns of smoke marking out the horizon like degrees on an ordinary map! Do we not shrink from that old acquaintance and most objectionable bore, the irrepressible free-shooter who is being kissed by the maiden of his love before he marches smilingly to his death? Why can't they bury their dead horses out of their sight and have done with them? One dead horse must be very like another dead horse. As for peasants bolting with their household goods, or Uhlans driving in sheep and cattle, if the most plagiarizing of Academicians were guilty of such barefaced reiteration he would be ostracized in a symphony of execration. "The war," "the war," always the war—how we have come to groan as we turn over the pages to find our visions blighted by the cuckoo-note we are so sick of. Of course the weeklies, the monthlies, and the quarterlies are bound to have their innings, and the long monotonous roll of the small-arms is succeeded by the remorseless grind of the mitrailleurs, the heavy play of the field-guns, and the bellow of the ponderous siege-train. This is natural and we do not complain of it, although it would be a graceful tribute to the weakness of our nature if our instructors devoted an occasional article to promiscuous topics. But what we ask is, how long is this to go on? If the tenacity of the French defence prolongs the German attack through the winter, what will happen when Parliament sits? The Ministry certainly will not abuse the confidence of its supporters by sacrificing domestic legislation to foreign intervention, and the War Correspondents will come in contact with the reporters of St. Stephen's. It will raise the old problem as to the result of the meeting of two bodies, one immovable and the other irresistible, and we shall be curious to see the solution.

ARMY ORGANIZATION.

VII.

THE officers of an army constitute the keystone of its military efficiency. However excellent the materials, however careful the design, however solid the basis upon which the system rests, the edifice remains without completeness or stability until the keystone has been laid. When we have sunk the piles and constructed the piers, this crowning operation remains to be accomplished. It is to the officers that the tone, the *esprit de corps*, of a regiment are due; it is by the officers that the traditions of the regiment are mainly preserved. The officers constitute the source from which flows, and to which returns, that discipline without which the largest army is worse than useless. From this source circulates the life-blood of the corps; from this source, too, flashes the directing intelligence the existence of which testifies to the active vitality of the body military. To that body the officer is at once heart and brain. Without good officers a military force stands in much the same relation to a well-officerd army that the brute beast does to the human being. The physical power may be there, and even a sort of gregarious instinct which men may mistake for discipline; but of those qualities which make armies really formidable, of true discipline, of intelligence, of that cohesive power which will enable an army to resist the destructive effects of excessive elation or depression, to preserve its character and its calm under the stress alike of victory and defeat, or along the dead level of the more monotonous operations of war and peace—of these qualities a badly officered force must be destitute.

We desire, therefore, to insist emphatically upon the paramount importance of providing efficient and zealous officers for all branches of our army. At present the provision of such officers for even the principal branch of our military forces is inadequate. We should be very sorry to do any injustice to the officer of the British army, but it is impossible conscientiously to affirm that he is as a rule all that he should be. The defects of the system under which the British officer is incubated have been lately exposed in connexion

with the question of military education, and the Royal Commissioners appointed to inquire into this subject have happily suggested certain measures calculated to supply the army with officers of a more thorough liberal education and generally of higher professional attainments. If we assume these measures to be successful, if we assume that we shall in due time get rid of the "cramming" schools, of the laxity of moral tone and discipline which at present unhappily distinguishes too many of our military candidates, and for which the cramming schools and the system which encourages them are directly responsible; if we succeed in getting rid of that indifference, real or affected, which converts every military duty into a "bore," and which stigmatizes all conversation upon military subjects as "shop"; if at the same time we get rid of the slang, of the excessive love of "leave," of the listless barrack existence, of the accumulated enervating influences which in too many instances paralyse the natural vigour of our officers and sap their powers—we may still be a long way from that high spirit of professional zeal without which no army can be in a truly healthy condition. That the army must be regarded by its officers as a profession, instead of a mere agreeable amateur occupation, is daily becoming more apparent. The art of war is one which now more than ever needs to be studied. Each day success in war becomes less a matter of brute force, and more one of scientific and intellectual application. Those who now have to direct the work of war must learn their craft. We require, not mere labourers, but skilled artisans—men capable of applying to the best advantage the fine instruments of destruction and defence which science places in their hands. As the period allotted for the training of the individual soldier is reduced, and as attempts are made to raise the social status and character of the army, in such proportion does the necessity increase for skill and zeal and knowledge on the part of those upon whom devolves the duty of directing the training, and of contributing by example and precept to the elevation, of the mass.

It is indisputable that our officers at present fall short, as a rule, of this ideal. There are many exceptions. There are officers—bodies of officers—in the English army inferior to none in zeal, in intelligence, in culture, in professional knowledge. Our officers are better now, as a whole, than they were some years ago, and know more of their work. But the mass of English officers do not come up to the ideal which we have presented. And if this be true of the officers of the regular army, how much more true is it of the officers of the Militia, Volunteers, and other reserve forces! If we were asked to place our finger upon the most conspicuously defective part of our reserve force system, we should place it unhesitatingly upon the officers. An improvement in the commissioned ranks would supply the antidote to many of the acknowledged deficiencies of the Militia and Volunteers. Indeed, the more patent military shortcomings of this portion of our forces could hardly exist if the officers were efficient. But, with an extraordinary fatuity, we have hitherto been content to allow these branches of our army, which require the most skilled handling and training to make up for the ignorance and inexperience of the rank and file, to be officered by men from whom we have exacted no guarantee whatever of intellectual or professional fitness. It seems to be supposed that while the officers of the regular army—the men who are to lead trained soldiers—must satisfy certain tests as to their intelligence and technical knowledge, the men who are to lead the untrained soldiers of our army may be of altogether a lower intellectual cultivation, and wholly devoid of professional training.

It is hardly necessary to state that, of the two, the reserve forces, especially as at present constituted of almost entirely untrained men, require the more skilful commanders. Our system has been to set the blind to lead the blind, and to wring our hands helplessly at the result. It is really difficult to understand how the Volunteer force, for example, could have attained a higher degree of efficiency than it has now reached, under its present officers. Indeed, considering all things, we are disposed to regard the force as having attained to a higher level of discipline and training than could reasonably have been anticipated. The Militia, in the same way, may be said to have achieved such military stability as it possesses rather in spite of the system under which it has been officered than by the assistance of that system. But neither the Militia nor the Volunteers, nor even the regular army, have reached the standard of efficiency which ought to be established. And the system under which they are officered must as a necessary and preliminary step be greatly improved.

With regard to the improvement of the officers of the regular army, that may, we believe, be accomplished in a great degree by the natural operation of the measures which the Education Commissioners have proposed, if the Horse Guards authorities will condescend to meet those measures half-way by judicious concessions to common sense and by the adoption of a more elastic system. There are, we are aware, great difficulties in the way of the adoption of any system of promotion by merit and selection; but if it be impracticable to satisfy in this respect such a theoretical ideal as readily suggests itself, it is certainly not impossible, nor need it be difficult, to give greater encouragement to hard-working and deserving officers than at present. The purchase system, again, is to a great extent chargeable with many of the existing evils; but the purchase system is not without its advantages, among which a healthy flow of promotion stands prominent. But although, as a whole, indefensible and open to serious objection, we are not among those who think, with Sir C. Trevelyan, that the abolition of the purchase system

would prove a panacea for all the evils which exist in the commissioned ranks. Nor is the solution to be found in the adoption of a system of promotion from the ranks. On this point a great deal of nonsense is talked and written. Promotion from the ranks will certainly not give us the class of officers that we want, for it would fail to give us men of good general education and of high intellectual capacities. When we begin to enlist undergraduates from Oxford it will be time enough to talk of introducing promotion from the ranks on a large scale. The last thing we require is to officer our army with sergeant-majors, and no military man is likely to blunder into the error of supposing that such a system is one which the sergeant-majors themselves desire to see established. In the Prussian army "promotion from the ranks in our sense of the word"—we are quoting Captain Hozier—"is in time of peace unknown, and even in time of war is quite exceptional. Distinguished conduct before the enemy is, indeed, recognised by the regulations as a ground for promotion . . . but the few individuals who obtain commissions in this manner are seldom left to serve with a regiment, but are pensioned off or provided with civil appointments." In this arrangement—the opening out of civil patronage to deserving non-commissioned officers and soldiers—we recognise one of the most potent instruments of military improvement. It is a complete mistake to suppose—as most civilian theorists upon army regeneration do suppose—that the British non-commissioned officer is covetous of a commission. It is, we may be permitted to say, an equally great mistake to suppose that when he does obtain a commission he necessarily, or even generally, will make a good officer. The duties of the junior commissioned ranks of the army are not of such a responsible and attractive character as to present any special charms to the *vieux moustache* who as a sergeant-major or sergeant was practically a greater man than he would ever be as a lieutenant. This subject, however, is not one which it is necessary to argue at length, for one of the good effects of the present war can hardly fail to be the explosion of this theory. Indeed, directly you establish the necessity for high culture among your officers—as distinguished from mere professional pedantry—you practically postpone indefinitely promotion from the ranks. But civil employments men who have grown old in the service do covet, and for such men employment of this character ought to be available. It is by a system of careful selection and education, by promptly rewarding merit, by encouraging officers to study their profession, and by teaching them that mere gallantry in the field will not now avail to supply other deficiencies—it is by such means as these that we may hope to improve our officers as a class.

And whatever we have said of the officers of the regular army applies, for reasons which we have indicated, with even greater force to the officers of the reserve forces. If the system of nursery battalions which we have recommended be adopted, it would be essential that the officers of those battalions should be as highly educated and instructed as the officers of the regular battalions. Indeed, as upon them would depend the bent given to the recruit's mind, they should be rather selected officers than men taken at haphazard. We have suggested that the officers of the nursery and regular battalions of a district should be upon one roster for promotion. If this suggestion were adopted, the question of the officering of the most important portion of our reserve forces—the nursery battalion, and the First Reserve men who would be attached to that battalion—would be solved. The Reserve officers would in that case be officers of the line, with this distinction, that exceptional zeal and ability might constitute recommendations for service with the nursery battalion at home. The duties of the officers of that battalion would be of an exceedingly important character. They would have the training of all recruits; they would have to impart that training in a far shorter time than at present; their influence would mainly determine the number of men annually volunteering for the regular army; and in time of war they would have under their command a larger proportion of young soldiers than any other portion of the force. For these reasons, and because these officers would be charged with the duty of keeping the Reserve men up to the mark in drill and discipline, and because upon them would devolve the recruiting for the whole army—Militia, Regular, and Reserve—it is important that they should be men of acknowledged power and military ability, in no whit inferior, but rather superior, to the present officers of the regular army, from which body, in fact, they would be furnished.

With regard to the officering of the Second Reserve and the Volunteers, we believe that an ample supply of officers for these branches might be obtained from two sources—first, from the half-pay list, and unemployed Indian and other officers; secondly, from those who, if they were encouraged, would voluntarily undertake a short period of real military service to qualify them for commissions. The first of these sources is capable of furnishing a considerable number of most efficient officers—men who have taken half-pay because their health or their family circumstances dispose them to service abroad, but who would gladly retain an easy connexion with the service in their own district, and whose employment would be at once advantageous and economical to the State. The second class of officers would be composed of men who, like the Prussian *einjährige* volunteers, have served with the active army for one year at their own expense, and have during that period of service obtained the necessary certificates of fitness—among which certificates is one of social and professional fitness from the officers of the battalions in which they have served. This *einjährige* system is one of the most important features of the

Prussian military organization. By means of it, as Colonel Chesney observes in his admirable essay on the *Military Growth of Prussia*, "the universality of the conscription has been maintained without open opposition from that important middle order the wealth and influence of which have grown in Prussia as much as in any part of Europe, . . . while a body of efficient officers, trained in all the duties of the line, has been provided for the staff of the Landwehr without expense to the State." It is as a means of fulfilling the second of these conditions that we advocate the introduction of the *einjährige* system in England; though, if the ballot should be found necessary, the system might here, as in Prussia, serve another purpose. The *einjährige* volunteer, during his year of service in the ranks, occupies a distinctive position. He may have a private soldier to act as his servant; he may wear plain clothes when not on duty; he is not required to mess with the privates. In fact his position is strictly that of a cadet or embryo officer attached to a regiment to learn his military duties; and in war time he necessarily fulfils them with all the strictness and hardship of the private soldier. The introduction of this *einjährige* system—or some equivalent for it—as a means of officering our Volunteer and Second Reserve forces, cannot be too strongly recommended. If this system and the other measures which we have recommended were introduced, we should have gone far towards solving this most difficult and important of the many problems which connect themselves with Army Organization.

THE SONGS OF LONDON.

THE cheap literature of London receives perhaps less attention than it deserves. The windows of small shops in narrow streets display broadsheets of songs, each of which is sold for a penny and contains upwards of five thousand lines. The number of different broadsheets which exist is almost incredible, and although we may suppose that the same song occurs in many of them, yet, after every deduction has been made, the quantity of popular songs produced quite recently is enormous. There is a perpetual demand for novelties at the music-halls, and the songs which are applauded there are afterwards printed on these broadsheets, just as the choice airs of a new opera are published for use in drawing-rooms. The prevailing taste of the frequenters of music-halls may probably be discovered in these broadsheets, which contain about nine parts of buffoonery to one part of sentiment. Some of the sentimental songs which refer to the sights and sounds of the country must, we should think, be hardly intelligible to the great mass of purchasers of these broadsheets. We find, for instance, one of the Christy Minstrels' songs, "Roaming by the Streamlet." We may well wonder what a person born and bred in a court of Drury Lane thinks of this:—

Fair nature's now reposing,
And earth in grey seems drest,
Each flower its leaves now closing,
The sun has sunk to rest.

These broadsheets must be bought by thousands of men and women to whom such lines can hardly be intelligible. They go to Epping Forest or Greenwich Park on Easter Monday, and perhaps to Brighton and back on a summer Sunday, and the rest of their lives they spend in the dense mass of building which lies between Holborn and the Strand. The moon and the stars to which the sentimental songster constantly refers shine almost unregarded amid the glare of gas in Drury Lane; and although it is quite possible to roam in London and its suburbs, you must go a good many miles to find a streamlet which does not also do duty as a drain.

We believe that whenever a new song takes the public fancy at the music-halls a fresh broadsheet is issued which contains this new song and as many old songs as are necessary to fill the paper. Songs that were composed during the Russian war stand side by side with songs that manifestly refer to the war now pending. A German resident in England declares his intention to depart to fight for the Fatherland, but when the war is over he promises to return, because

More money I get ven to you I do come,
Not work so hard as ven I'm at home.
Husbands we'll get for your fair princesses' hand,
And your money for our own dear faderland.

This we may take to be an expression of the popular sentiment of the hour. The latest novelty of the music-halls, however, has no reference to foreign politics, although it conveys advice which the French nation would do well to follow. If you find yourself losing money in betting, or distanced by a rival in love, you are recommended to "Turn it up." If this is a fair sample of the minstrelsy of the music-halls it must be owned that they are very harmless and not very lively places. The same sheet contains a long ballad on the adventures of Dick Turpin, who, after many marvellous escapes, came to the gallows through omitting to "turn it up" at the right moment. In fact Dick took a drop too much, got into a row, was locked up as a brawler, and recognised as a highwayman. The concluding lines are rather neat:—

And through that drop that he did touch,
He died one morning through a drop too much.

If we may judge from these broadsheets, the most popular English heroes are Dick Turpin and Lord Nelson. The Admiral's mode of fighting is as antiquated as the highwayman's mode of robbery,

but the exploits of both live equally in the memory of their countrymen.

The sorrows of disappointed lovers find pathetic utterance in these pages. There is first an accidental meeting:—

I once took a ride in a twopenny bus,
Where opposite to me
Sat such a dear, in her eye was a tear,
Which I thought a pity to see.

She graciously receives the declaration of his passion. He is introduced to her friends and enjoys all the delights of courtship:—

Weeks soon passed away,
When one unlucky day
A letter she received,
She did it scan, it was from the young man,
Who she thought had her so deceived.

The young man who comes back from sea maintains the traditional superiority of the sailor over landmen. He brings rare presents from distant climes, among which is a big monkey:—

He gave them all unto his love,
And then when he did me see
He said, "Hallo! soon out you go,"
Then out of window flung me.

The lady adds insult to this injury by saying,

I shall have my sailor brave,
And you may have the monkey.

Another song of the same melancholy character begins in the next column thus:—

I'm a flower cut down in the bloom of my youth,
And all through a damsel who spoke not the truth.

This lady was seen turning a mangle. The gentleman offered to assist her, which she allowed. He turned the mangle until he was tired, and then fell on his knees and declared his passion. As an accepted lover he went every day to turn the mangle, and he was happy until he heard that another person performed that function in his absence. The new lover was a marquis:—

After that she appeared to quite change in her manner,
She sold her old mangle and bought a pianer.
Now I couldn't turn that, and, ah! me, one day
I found her house closed and my love gone away.

In the next column is a still more doleful ditty:—

Once I was happy, but now I'm forlorn,
Like an old coat that is tattered and torn;
Left in this wide world to fret and to mourn,
Betrayed by a maid in her teens.

The rival in this case was a performer on the trapeze, who smiled on the lady as he hung by his nose in the air, and was answered by a smile from her. The opposition of parents was unavailing. The new lover employed his gymnastic skill to carry off the lady from an upper chamber, but in this case falsehood received due punishment, for in the husband of her choice she found a master:—

He taught her gymnastics and dressed her in tights,
To help him to live at his ease,
And made her assume a masculine name,
And now she goes on the trapeze.

But it is poor comfort to a jilted lover to see a faithless girl unhappy. We begin to think that the course of true love never does run smooth. In the next column is the story of False Nelly of Bethnal Green:—

For six months her I did court,
And everything I bought,
For we were to be married on the first of May.
But a flash cove named Frank
Told her he'd got quids in the bank,
And with this leary boy she ran away.

We suppose that a specimen of this poetry of the blighted heart is inserted in every column of a sheet in order to prevent readers getting into too good spirits. We find, however, many songs which deal not in sentiment, but sound practical advice, and usually bear some familiar proverb for a title:—

John Adams he courted the lively Miss Jones,
But never asked when she would wed;
The consequence was, as is often the case,
That some one else asked in his stead.

This song bears the appropriate motto, "There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip." After several striking instances of the application of this proverb, it ends with a piece of excellent advice:—

Is there any young gent at this concert to-night,
With the girl of his heart by his side?
If you mean all you say, fix the wedding-day,
Buy the ring and proclaim her your bride.

In the same page is another song, which might have been ranged under the same title. A gentleman arrives rather late with his guitar under a lady's window. Another gentleman with a guitar, and also a ladder of ropes, has been there before him:—

"What's this on the ground?" quoth he,
"It is plain that she loves,
Here's some gentleman's gloves,
And they never belonged to me."

It is remarkable that man is almost always the victim in these tragedies. But here, by way of change, is a ballad of a love-sick maiden:—

I had a martial lover, one who noble looked and grand,
A trombone player in the Horse Guards' Sunday morning band.

With poetical disregard of history, the song states that the

handsome bandsman of the Guards was sent with his regiment to New Zealand :—

And whether he got tomahawked or naturally died,
Got eat up by the natives wild or took a tattooed bride,
I cannot tell, but I know well, while sleeping all alone,
I dream of Peter Pipeclay playing tunes on his trombone.

In the same column is a prophecy written for the beginning of the present year. The Poor Law Guardians have resolved, it seems, to try the "black holes" themselves before putting paupers into them. Tradesmen will supply genuine articles of full weight. Landlords will not distrain for rent. Cabmen may charge what they like. Penny pies will contain rumpsteak. The railways will not kill above ten men a day. The Crystal Palace will be open on Sunday at a penny a head, and

With poor old Ireland Gladstone and Bright
Will do the proper and make it all right.

Whatever they act at music-halls, they certainly speak excellent morality. Here and there we find a song which tells of other than merely sentimental sorrows. "Hope for the Best" is the title of a very mournful ballad, which describes the sufferings of the artisans of London :—

Provisions are high, men's wages are low,
And all kinds of trade is at a stand,
When in want of a meal to their uncle's they go,
Is the case with the poor working-man.

If that is not rhyme it is truth. It is a long lane, says the chorus, that has no turning, and let us hope that the rich will turn their thoughts towards the suffering poor. The author of this song accepts society as it is, and seeks only to improve its working. It is remarkable that Socialism and other extreme opinions are almost entirely unrepresented in these broad sheets.

There is a touch of genuine poetry in the following :—

The star in the east 'twas once shining bright
And plenty of work all around,
The ship-building trade is in a sad plight
In the workhouses tradesmen are found.

The concluding lines are forcibly applicable to the present time :—

Starvation is slaying far more than the sword,
It's made widows and orphans you'll own.
If the wealthy give money for charity abroad,
The poor should be thought of at home.

The author of "The Man at the Wheel" must be a real poet :—

I'm steersman on the bright blue Thames,
Aboard a penny boat.

To forget the true colour of the Thames shows a strong power of imagination. The author of the "Periwinkle Man" is entitled to a high place among moral teachers. The lesson which he enforces is that no man can tell what luck may be in store for him if he only takes care to be in the way of it when it comes. He resolves to stick to the periwinkle trade in spite of every disappointment, and so

Some day I may be seen as purveyor to the Queen,
The Prince of Wales and Royal Family,
Making bold enough to ask, taking pleasure in the task,
If Her Majesty would like some winkles for her tea.

The proportion of slang to common English in these songs is perhaps not so large as might have been expected. The most absurd and inane compositions of the music-halls are of course to be found in these sheets, but there could hardly be a more forcible censure of the "Champagne Charlie" style than is conveyed in the septuagenarian's song :—

To hear them praise a sparkling wine,
It makes a man severe,
When he knows they cannot raise the price
Of half a pint of beer.

It should be added that the old songs which fill up the sheets are almost without exception good. The best known of Dibdin's compositions are a never-failing stop-gap. Thus the most flimsy product of the music-halls is united with work of enduring texture.

THE KNIGHTSBRIDGE BETTING EXCHANGE.

A PLACE called the Knightsbridge Exchange has been adjudged by a magistrate to be a "betting-house," and the persons concerned in carrying it on have been sentenced to pay fines. Assuming that the evidence of the police-officers who visited this establishment was sufficient to bring it within the law, it is difficult to see how Tattersall's Subscription Room could defend itself against a similar prosecution. It would seem that, although hanging has gone out of fashion, the famous lines of the *Beggar's Opera* are still applicable to the milder penalties inflicted by modern Acts of Parliament :—

Gold from law can take out the sting.
But if rich men, like us, were to swing,
'Twould thin the land, such numbers to string
Upon Tyburn Tree.

If the Home Office is determined to suppress all houses of resort for betting, it will puzzle the ingenuity even of Mr. Bruce to show that there is any difference between Tattersall's and the Knightsbridge Exchange, except in the wealth and position of the persons who respectively frequent them. An inspector of police stated that he had visited the premises known as the Knightsbridge Exchange. He took with him a card of membership, which had been obtained by another officer. A man was at the door. He

presented his card and was admitted. From 80 to 100 persons were in a yard under an awning. There were "lists" arranged round the walls. Men were standing in front of these lists, having in their hands betting-books. The lists contained the odds. The officer made a bet, and paid his money in advance. He compared the different lists, to see which gave the best odds. The principal defendant, Harding, described himself as manager of the establishment. Several persons seem to have formed themselves into a Limited Company for the purpose of opening this establishment. It was only open to members, and the form of electing members was gone through, but practically any person who could pay 5s. for a year's subscription might become a member. The catholic character of this club is shown by the fact that an inspector of police became a member of it. We know that an inspector of police could not become a member of Tattersall's; but if an inspector were to be admitted within those sacred precincts he would describe what he saw in terms similar to those which were used in reference to the Knightsbridge Exchange. If lists are not exhibited at Tattersall's, that is merely a matter of detail. A person who desires to back a horse goes from one bookmaker to another to compare their terms, and takes the best price which the market will afford. It can make no difference whether the backer pays in advance the money which he would have to pay ultimately if he lost the bet, or whether payment be postponed until the event has decided which party is to receive. Betting has in fact become a branch of business, in which there are large and small operators. A "leviathan," as the sporting papers used to call a deceased bookmaker, would operate at Tattersall's. A "minnow" would operate at the Knightsbridge Exchange. Once more resorting to the accomplished Captain Macheath for language, we may say that, "if laws were made for every degree," we should expect that minnow and leviathan would be involved in the same legislative net. Avoiding for the present any minute discussion of the language of the Act of Parliament, we venture to suggest that there is a difference, obvious to common sense, between a "betting-house" and Tattersall's, or the Exchange. Formerly London was overrun with what were called "list-houses"—that is, open shops where you might enter and back a horse for a race as easily as you might buy a cigar. The Legislature made up its mind that this was an unquestionable evil, and interposed to remedy it by the Act now under consideration. But the Legislature did not make up its mind that betting was an unquestionable evil, and therefore it stopped short of declaring betting to be illegal, although it prohibited the bringing of actions for the recovery of bets. There are doubtless many persons who think that betting itself ought to be prohibited, and such persons would desire to close both Tattersall's and the Exchange. An association of persons for the purpose of carrying on betting transactions cannot, however, be illegal under the present law, and it is not probable that the law would be altered by Parliament, although attempts have been made with some success to extend it by magisterial interpretation.

Turning now to the language of the Act, we find that it provides that no house, office, room, or other place shall be opened, kept, or used for the purpose of the owner, occupier, or keeper thereof, or any person using the same, or conducting the business thereof, betting with persons resorting thereto. We have somewhat retrenched the verbal luxuriance of the enactment, but without altering or obscuring the purport of it. We cannot better express our view of its meaning than by saying that it prohibits the keeping of a betting-shop. The only words which would touch the case of Tattersall's, or the Exchange, are "any person using the same." It may be said that any person, or at least any bookmaker, who comes to the Subscription Room at Tattersall's uses it for the purpose of betting with other persons resorting thereto; but it would be a reasonable limitation of this word to say that it refers only to use as a proprietor or person interested in the profits of the transactions of the room. The Exchange, as we have said, was established by a Limited Company; and if it had been shown that this Company made bets and divided the profits of them there would clearly have been an offence against the Act. The restrictive interpretation which we have proposed to place upon this enactment is supported by the preamble which recites that a kind of gaming has of late sprung up by the opening of places called betting-houses or offices, and the receiving of money in advance by the owners or occupiers of such houses or offices, or by other persons acting on their behalf, on their promises to pay money on events of horse-races. This recital is the key to the meaning of the statute, and all its enactments ought to be construed with reference to the purpose thus declared. In a case which came before one of the superior courts it was decided that a temporary structure on the race-course at Doncaster was an "office" or "place" within the meaning of the statute; but in that case the person prosecuted was an assistant of the keeper of this office, who would properly be liable to punishment equally with the principal. "This structure," said one of the Judges, "was clearly a place and an office opened, kept, and used for the purpose of carrying on the business of which the defendant had the care and management." And again the same Judge says, "the business conducted by the appellant was the business prohibited by the Act." This business was conducted in a shed of boards covered with baize, erected on a slip of land immediately adjoining the Inclosure and Grand Stand at Doncaster. Persons are admitted to the Inclosure by tickets, which they purchase, and the higher class of betting is for the most part done in this Inclosure. There is a person who

issues tickets and receives money for them, and this person may be said to occupy an analogous position to the manager of the Knightsbridge Exchange, whom a magistrate has fined. Yet it would hardly be proposed to apply the penal clauses of the Act to the person who issues tickets for the Inclosure at Doncaster, or even for the Ring at Epsom, which is occupied almost exclusively by betting-men.

We have hitherto considered only the case of the manager of the Knightsbridge Exchange, but we ought also to consider the case of the bookmakers and list-keepers who were also fined. A list is affixed to a wall, and a man stands in front of it with a betting-book. He and other men similarly engaged do undoubtedly occupy in some sense a place—namely, the Exchange; and do use it for the purpose of betting with persons resorting there. But if these men are liable to a penalty for so doing, what should we say to the larger operators at Tattersall's and in the Ring at Epsom? There is a limit in all these cases to the number of persons who "resort thereto." Nobody can resort without paying for his ticket, and both at Tattersall's and the Exchange membership is also requisite. Even if we assume the election of members at the Exchange to be a mere pretext, there remains the condition of payment, which is, we believe, the only condition of entrance into the Ring at Epsom. If, however, the list-keepers of the Exchange have broken the Act, the members of the Limited Company who owned the Exchange and allowed the list-keepers to occupy it are also liable to a penalty. And we should be inclined to say that the lessee of the Grand Stand at Epsom, or whoever issues tickets for the Ring, is also liable. Having regard to all these difficulties which seem to arise upon the enlarged construction of the Act, it would be more satisfactory to adopt the limited interpretation suggested by the preamble, and to suppose that the Legislature intended to prohibit betting-shops open to the public. But if the enlarged construction is to prevail, it is not easy to see how Tattersall's can escape except through defect of evidence.

The argument on the language of the Act can hardly be made intelligible without entering into minute verbal criticism. We may say, however, that there are three principal sections in the Act. By the first, which has been already quoted, no house or office shall be opened, kept, or used for betting. By the second, any person who shall open, keep, or use, or shall permit to be opened, kept, or used, a house or office for betting, shall be fined. By the third, any person being the owner or occupier of any such house or office, who shall receive a deposit on a bet, shall be fined. Thus it appears that the persons who stood in front of the lists at the Exchange would not be liable under the third clause, although on the magistrate's interpretation they would be liable under the second. Yet if the Legislature intended to punish them under the second clause, it surely would not have allowed them to escape from the third. It would be desirable that the question which has arisen before a magistrate should be brought under the consideration of a court of law.

THE DUDLEY GALLERY.

THIS Exhibition sustains its character for interesting variety and alarming eccentricity. From the first it has been occupied as a free and easy territory by Young Englanders who, conscious of genius, astonish their friends by feats and frolics. Thus the opening of the Dudley Gallery, whether in its springtime of water-colour drawings, or in the winter season when its walls are clothed with oil canvases, is always looked forward to with curiosity as a juncture when signs and wonders may appear in the heavens. Nothing in the way of pictures is so intolerable as mediocrity. Inexperience may betray an artist into painful perplexities not unamusing to the looker-on; incipient insanity even has been known to induce pictorial phenomena interesting to watch; but as for that educated respectability, that well-trained commonplace, which obtains honour and position in the long-established galleries of the country, nothing can be so deadening to imagination, so killing to the intellect. The young artists who make themselves at home in the Egyptian Hall are as yet for the most part unspoiled by either success or disappointment; in thought they are fresh, in action they are free; they fling their ideas on canvas, if not exactly recklessly, yet somewhat experimentally. Tentative attempts, partial failures, unlooked-for fruits, first crops gathered from soils scarcely brought under tillage, have always given to these exhibitions exceptional interest. It is at once apparent that the contributors are in a state of transition; they pass from neo-classicism into mediævalism, thence into romanticism, and perchance after all stumble back into nature. Thus the spectator is left in exciting expectancy as to what may happen next. And for our part we trust to something new always turning up, though, as time goes on, even Dudleyites are found to repeat themselves.

A few men of age and experience usually play propriety among the young tyros of the Egyptian Hall. The place of honour has this time been rightly assigned to Mr. Watts, R.A., who, being of a genius experimental and creative, presides fitly over an exhibition supposed to combine all the talents. And never has this imaginative painter produced a composition more grand in conception, more responsive to high thought, than "Love and Death" (108), a design for a large picture. "Love" is not here the mischief-making Cupid, but the Eros of the Greeks as modelled by Praxiteles, a full-grown youth of perfect beauty.

Standing at life's portal, his full-fledged lustrous wings a barrier to ingress, he resolutely, yet as it would seem lovingly and beseechingly, arrests the steps of Death—a figure thickly draped and deeply shadowed, worthy of Blake when mystic and most imaginative. This is Eros, the emblem of life, the fairest of the gods, who by love brought harmony into the discordant elements of nature; and towards him advances Death, the personation of the first chaos. The opposition is fine; on the one side, as we have said, stands love, life, light; on the other death and darkness, the negation of love and hope. It is the prerogative of a picture to suggest many things, possibly more even than the artist thinks of when he throws figures upon canvas. Poetry has the advantage of precision; painting, in compensation, enjoys the privilege of carrying the imagination beyond the one thought which comes to the point of the pencil. Mr. Watts has embodied his conception with usual largeness yet incompleteness. The modelling has the breadth of the Elgin Marbles. This most ideal of Academicians also contributes "Francesca and Paolo" (192); the figures are wanting in form and force. A Titianesque landscape by the same artist—though little more than a thought shadowed forth vaguely—may be salutary as a protest against the scattered and purposeless landscape art of the present day. This experimental work would seem intended to teach that the old masters were right and that our modern landscape-painters are wrong.

This Gallery contains a choice company of artists who take a somewhat prejudiced, partial, one-sided view of nature; it is the stronghold of Messrs. Solomon, Donaldson, Stanhope, Crane, Armstrong, Barclay, and others, who dread nature as they eschew what is commonplace, who present to the world as a pledge of genius inveterate mannerism. Mr. Solomon's lackadaisical, boneless, nerveless youth, tuning up "The Evening Hymn" (212), would have done well before thus exposing himself to public gaze to have prayed the gods for a pair of pantaloons. Yet really this neo-classic composition has great beauty. In the same school—if school it can be called, when each painter simply does what seems to him good in his own eyes—may be placed Mr. Walter Crane's "Endymion" (165); the landscape is poetic and Keats-like. The tenderly-toned pastoral, also by Mr. Edgar Barclay, "In the Spring Time" (61) is lovely as a symphony in a minor key; the almond-tree flushing with rosy bloom is delicately pencilled. Mr. Armstrong in "The Lady with a Cat" (205) finds one of those trifles upon which these peculiar painters hang pictures. This canvas also has considerable charm in its delicate half tones, though no beauty of colour can make amends for the studied ungainliness of form. From this domestic mediæval we pass to what may be termed a municipal mediæval, in "The Water Gate" (190) of Mr. Spencer Stanhope. High, angular, and dark above the horizon rises the old city, and gauntly in foreground stands a tall solitary lady in rich attire. Something dreadful, no doubt, is about to take place—probably a suicide in the city moat; and indeed we could well afford to lose the lady altogether, were it not for a magnificent piece of drapery she has on. Why will these painters cling so affectionately to ugliness, when nature on all sides teaches that the supreme worship in art should be beauty? And yet how much inspiration the artist may catch as he wanders through legend-haunted times is well illustrated by Mr. Donaldson's highly imaginative scene, "The Return of the Patron Saints to Venice" (78). This painter has heretofore confessed to reveries in Venice, and in the Accademia delle Belle Arti in that city an artist of his poetic and warmly coloured sensibilities could not remain unmoved by two of the grandest creations of the Venetian School, "The Tempest stilled by the Miracle of St. Mark, Nicholas, and George," by Giorgione, and the *chef d'œuvre* of Paris Bordone, "The Fisherman presenting the Ring received from St. Mark when the Tempest was stayed." It would be almost impossible for a modern painter to take up this well-known legend without being more or less influenced by these Venetian masterpieces, among the most memorable in the history of art; and indeed the moment we saw Mr. Donaldson's reading of the story, otherwise original, we exclaimed, That fisherman has been taken from Giorgione—not literally, but in idea. Mr. Donaldson, however, deserves much consideration for the poetic fervour, the religious reverence, the delicious harmony of colour, which he throws over this impressive scene. The figures of the three patron saints strike us as rather feeble and timorous, especially as the legend goes that they were strong and brave enough to subdue a fearful tempest. Mr. Donaldson's infirmity has always lain in form; on the other hand, his colour, as in the work before us, is usually subtle in rarest harmonies. The moonlight on the waters, and the campanili standing as ghosts in the midnight sky, will recall to travellers moonlight nights on the waters of the Adriatic.

Opposed in the conflict of the schools to the above-named sentimentalists and poetasters are strong realists, among whom M. Legros takes the lead. "St. Clement" (150), by this painter, recalls the practice of the Neapolitan naturalists. M. Legros has here transmuted an organ-grinder who takes coppers in London streets into St. Clement, the fellow-labourer of St. Paul, just as Carravaggio translated Lazzaroni into high servants of God. Reynolds did the like when he promoted a model of low degree to the dignity of "the banished Lord." In the presence of M. Legros's grand achievement we incline to think better of this somewhat extreme art practice. This study is strong in character and individual in portraiture, and the hands are pronounced in expression as unmistakably as the head. The severe modelling and the dry flesh-painting are close upon the old German manner. Still this mode of study from a high point of view is a

failure. It has always been said that the Lazzaroni of the Neapolitan school remained Lazzaroni to the last—they could not be saved by being dubbed Apostles; just as the common man put upon canvas by Reynolds as a lord, like other low-bred people thrust into society, could not disguise the meanness of his birth. Even so, M. Legros's organ-grinder remains the organ-grinder still, too dense in intellect to be the companion of St. Paul, too mundane for spiritual aspiration. The number of foreign artists who find their way into our London exhibitions, already considerable, is likely to increase under the exodus from Paris, and the diversion throughout Europe into war of the wealth and strength which usually flow in the channels of peace. The Dudley Gallery has certainly obtained, from these or other causes, more than its usual proportion of foreign pictures. M. Tourrier's "Sliding Panel" (182) shows French *chic*; M. Hendrix, who recently completed "The Stations" for Antwerp Cathedral, emulates the hardness, dryness, and angularity of the Cologne Meisters when he paints figures "At the Foot of the Cross" (142). We have no artists among us who affect precisely this style, though the assumption of old and obsolete styles has become a vice of the day. M. Van Lerijs, a Belgian artist, trained in the school of Baron Wappers, and decorated for his deserts with the Cross of the Order of Leopold, falls into errors the opposite of mediæval. "The Present" (86) and "The Ear-ring" (274) are singularly waxy and black, common and coarse. It may be remembered that M. Van Lerijs was the other day indignant when his picture was excluded from our Academy; a like fate in the Dudley would have been nothing worse than he deserved. An art more false or meretricious does not exist. Since the death of Baron Leys, the exponent of mediævalism, and the more recent decadence of M. Gallait, the leader of the opposing school of modernism, Belgium is losing the high position which by common consent was assigned to her in the International Exhibition of 1862.

Some few steady-going works, useful as ballast to exciting eccentricities, are so much in ordinary routine as to provoke neither censure nor praise. Plodding, sober, and heavy is Mr. Wynfield's "Morning Walk" (65); refined, but mawkish, "Maggie's Secret" (161), by Mr. Yeames; brilliant, but conventional, "A Spanish Street Singer" (171), by Mr. Burgess; scattered and incoherent, "An Old Friend Failing" (224), by Mr. John Burr. These several artists we hope to greet often again. Mr. Poynter has a trick of putting an eye out of focus. A squint may be silly, but an eye turning not to the nose but outwards towards the ear is supposed to be knowing. In a head of "Vashti," published in the *Portfolio*, the artist may have thought himself the coming Michael Angelo when he gave to the one solitary eye of a face in profile a supernatural outlook upon the world. And now again, in the simple "Portrait of a Little Girl" (204), the painter scatters the eyes, so that the nearer one seems ready to start from its orbit and wander as an eccentric star through space. All this may be amazingly clever, yet we fancy it is a trick which many besides Mr. Poynter might play did they care to court singularity. A word of welcome must be given to an independent, solid picture, "A Pastoral Symphony," "at prisca gens mortalium." Mr. Hodgson depicts the Arab in the desert to the life; his portraiture has ethnographic truth. These wild men of the wilderness, with the indolence and apathy of the race, are strutting at some national air; their attitudes, awkward in the extreme, are of course altogether unmusical; we fancy we hear the drawing out of notes into dreary flats, enlivened by sudden and excruciating sharps. Mr. Hodgson seems to throw a sly satire at the grotesque proceeding. We may note, in passing, a new comer upon the scene; Mr. Elihu Vedder—an American, we believe, residing in Rome—exhibits a clever series of nine small pictures, from "the Fable of the Miller, his Son, and the Ass" (273). Mr. Boughton, who owes his birth to America, but his art apparently to France, contributes a figure suggested by lines from Victor Hugo, which we receive in further pledge of rare art intuitions; specially lovely is the play of opalescent light among shadowy greys. We may add that this varied Exhibition is occasionally enlivened by a little pleasant plagiarism, and some startling novelties in perspective. From M. Cabanel's "Florentine Poet" Mr. H. Wallis evidently borrows, not to return with interest, "His Highness and His Excellence the Ambassador of the Florentine Republic" (93). And, in a hodge-podge composition, horses "for sale" (168), capably painted in parts, Mr. Briton Riviere alters his point of sight so often that at last his picture becomes confusion worse confounded.

We wish we had space to pay to the ladies all the fine compliments they seem to invite. But to do them full justice would take considerable time, as may be inferred from the fact that we have marked for approval, mild or strong as the case might seem to call for, contributions by Miss Solomon, Miss Osborne, Mrs. Bridell, Mrs. Freer, Madame Bodichon, Miss Starr, Miss Alyce Thornycroft, Miss Alberta Brown, Miss Gertrude Martineau, Miss Ellen Hill, Mrs. Romer, and Miss Backhouse. Some of these artists are proficient, others beginners; and when to the above dozen are added about half a dozen more, the remaining lady contributors, it will be easily understood that the Dudley Gallery represents an amount of female talent seldom seen in one place. It appears a little singular that the larger portion of these lady aspirants take to the more difficult department of the figure. Indeed, in the Dudley, landscape is generally at a discount. We exhaust all that is worthy of note when we call attention to studies by Messrs. Mason, Moore, Davis, and Hemy—artists whose works we have often met, and shall doubtless meet again even in greater force.

The paucity and the poverty of the landscapes within the Dudley apparently illustrate a truth established in the history of art, that in proportion as human sympathies grow strong the interest in inanimate nature becomes weak. The Greeks and the Italians made the figure paramount, and the Dudleyites in aping Italians and Greeks think themselves justified in making landscape subordinate.

RACING AT NEWMARKET.

THERE was almost a superabundance of racing last week, and it was hardly possible to see anything of the concluding events of each day. A great deal is said, and said contemptuously, about the endless plating races at Newmarket; but this autumn, though there were as many plates as usual, the class of horses that ran for them was frequently very different. When such animals as Dutch Skater, Gantelet, Somno, Sornette, and Adonis, excluded from any share in most of the rich stakes, were content to exhibit their prowess in plates of fifty or a hundred pounds, these races lost their customary trifling and unimportant character, and Newmarket plating attained a distinction it has never before enjoyed. At one time, indeed, it seemed as if the genuine Newmarket plater would lose his annual benefit, so persistent were these dreadful foreigners in picking up the small crumbs that usually have been his portion. However, such ample provision was made in the Houghton programme for all sorts and conditions of horses, that after all this remarkable quadruped was not balked of his autumn treat. The Newmarket plater is an animal *sui generis*. There are always half a dozen of them in great force at the Houghton Meeting. Last year the changes were rung on Prince Arthur, Lincoln, Tit-bit, and Stumps, till one became sick of seeing their names on the card day after day. This year Newman, Curieuse, The Wren, and Echo have been the plating heroes, and, by dexterous management and judicious placing, one and all have fairly won their winter's keep.

But to leave these serviceable instruments of gaming, and come to more genuine sport. The latter half of the week was rich in two-year-old races, of which on Thursday alone there were no fewer than five. In the Home-bred Sweepstakes—a very excellent class of race, by the way, confined to horses the *bona fide* property of the breeder at the time of starting, and which have never been out of his possession or in the forfeit list—we had a second look at Albert Victor, the Middle Park Plate winner. Besides Ripponden, whom he had already beaten, he had only Cunctator, Faith, and Field Marshal, a very moderate trio, to dispose of; and he did his work in sufficiently satisfactory style. Being a lazy horse, he may seem not to win so easily as could be desired; but some of the best horses that have ever run have been bad beginners, and have wanted a strong horseman to get them out. On the contrary, those that are in the greatest hurry to get off are sometimes the first to stop. The Troy Stakes fell to Noblesse, whose opponents were Queen of the Gipsies, Lætitia, Balvenie, and Ripponden. It was rather hard on Mr. Savile's horse to bring him out again only three quarters of an hour after his defeat by Albert Victor, and he clearly showed his dislike to two races in one afternoon by declining to try a yard in the second. They say that the horse is losing his temper, and we cannot say that we wonder at it. Balvenie also is being thrown away in the vain hope of making him run up to some imaginary standard of form which he is supposed to possess; and Queen of the Gipsies, on public running, is much inferior to Mr. Naylor's filly. Noblesse, therefore, achieved an easy victory. In the Free Handicap Sweepstakes over the Brethby Stakes Course Macalpine was weighted on even terms with Croxteth, and, admitting the improved appearance of Count Bathynany's colt, it did not seem possible that he could win, as in the July Meeting Croxteth, receiving only 2 lbs., beat him by four lengths. The result was a direct confirmation of the July running; and French, seeing that he had got rid of his most formidable opponent, and fancying that he had the race safe, eased Croxteth half way up the hill. Jeffery, taking advantage of this, brought up Rose of Athol with a tremendous rush, and Croxteth, who could not get into his stride again, was beaten by a short half-length. The 50 sovs. Sweepstakes over the Abingdon mile ended in an objection on the ground of a cross, which—a rare event at Newmarket—was eventually sustained. Cheesewring, Norfolk, and the colt by Parmesan out of Finesse were the competitors, and, as there is sufficient room on the Newmarket courses for about thirty horses to run abreast, one would think that three could contrive to steer clear of one another. However, Cheesewring and the Finesse colt came rattling down the hill side by side, and the latter, directly Parry raised his whip, flinched and swerved right across Cheesewring. The cross was unmistakable, and, taking place just at the moment when neither horse had a direct advantage, and when either had a fair chance of winning, so palpable a disappointment to one could only result in the disqualification of the other; and though the decision of the Stewards provoked a good deal of discontent, we are of opinion that it was a just judgment. There was a race on the following day which we may here notice as illustrating the principles on which a similar objection should be disallowed. This was the Rowley Handicap, the finish for which was confined to Simplot and Lady Masham. They were both side by side, and Simplot swerved so much from distress going up the hill, that, to say the least, he made it very difficult for Lady Masham to finish. She had been catching him fast, and had they been wide

apart we think she would just have got up and won by a head. Still, Simphon had a certain advantage all the way up the hill, which, somehow or other, he maintained to the end. It was a fair matter of opinion whether, under the most favourable circumstances, Lady Masham would or would not have got up; and in such cases it is clearly just that whichever horse passes the judge first should get the benefit of the doubt. We are not aware whether an objection was actually preferred after this race; if it had been, it would probably have been disallowed, though it could not have been stigmatized as trivial.

To return to the two-year-olds—the First Nursery did not meet with a very favourable acceptance, only seventeen out of between seventy and eighty being left in. Of these fifteen came to the post, one-third of whom were foreigners. Gantelet essayed to carry the top weight of 9 st. 2 lbs., and Meleurge, Manille, Clotaire, and Pensée were the other French representatives. Blenheim, Ainsty, Camera, and Mabille were the best known of the English ten. Ainsty, who appears to have a villainous temper, delayed the start for some time, and finally got off so badly as to be virtually out of the race. Gantelet quite failed to carry his heavy weight anywhere near the front, and from the distance the issue was confined to Meleurge and the colt by Parmesan out of Lozenge's dam. The Frenchman, however, always had the best of it, and eventually won by three lengths, thus showing a material improvement on his previous form, as well as increasing the reputations of Herod and Eneide, the latter of whom and Verdure are about the best specimens of West Australian stock that have been seen. Gantelet showed more queerly still in a subsequent race over the T.Y.C., where Queen of the May, at weight for sex, beat him in a canter. It was said that the course was not long enough, and that he could never get into his stride; but, how then, only a week before, did he manage, over the very same course, and at much more disadvantageous weights, to chop a speedy mare like Gladness at the start, and to have her hopelessly beaten in the first hundred yards? We may safely put aside Queen of the May's victory as a remarkable accident, to be taken for just as much as it is worth. The Second Nursery, over the Rowley mile, secured a somewhat larger acceptance, and six out of the twenty-one runners were French, Somno, of course, being honoured with the top weight. Verdure and Eole II. were also weighted more heavily than any of the English horses, among whom were Jester, Ellesmere, Ainsty, and Blenkiron. Ainsty set about playing his tricks again at the post, and was rewarded by being left behind when the flag fell. Somno failed as conspicuously as Gantelet to follow the example of the English Viridis, and carry the top weight to the front, and the finish was left exclusively to Verdure and Jester. The latter ran very unkindly towards the end, and the boy who rode him was quite unable to keep his head straight. Consequently the granddaughter of West Australian had little difficulty in presenting him with the 16 lbs. and a 10 lbs. beating besides. In make and shape Verdure and Gantelet are the pick of the foreign two-year-olds, nor is Eneide unworthy of being associated with them. It is unfortunate that there has been no opportunity of pitting them against any of our crack two-year-olds, but still we are thankful for the additional interest that has been imparted to the autumn meetings by their presence.

We had nearly forgotten the most brilliant finish of the week, between Corisande and Noblesse in the Post Sweepstakes over the T.Y.C. This race was as exciting as the one in the previous week between Hannah and Digby Grand, when Fordham just won by a head on Mr. Graham's horse. Now Fordham rode Corisande, and Chaloner was on Noblesse. Both started slowly, and for more than half the distance the pace was little faster than a canter, neither being inclined to make running for the other. The last quarter of a mile was run at a terrific pace; side by side, neck to neck, head to head; up to the very last stride they were locked together so evenly that only the judge could decide which had the advantage, and the judge's place was no enviable position on this occasion. A short head in favour of Corisande was the verdict, and it must have indeed been a head of superlative shortness. On paper Corisande would seem to have lost a good deal of her form, according to this performance, and perhaps she is not quite as good as she was in July; but it must also be remembered that the race was only run in the last two hundred yards, and that no very accurate conclusion can be drawn from a contest of that description. As a piece of riding, it was the finest thing of the week.

Among the three-year-old and weight-for-age races of the week we may first notice the Sweepstakes for threes and upwards, over the Rowley mile, on the first day of the meeting, in which Sornette, Dutch Skater, and Nelusko took part. Both the course and the scale of weights—8 st. for a three-year-old—exactly suited Sornette, who won exactly as she pleased, and gratified the spectators with a sight of her beautiful action. She was less successful in the Free Handicap Sweepstakes across the Flat on Thursday, wherein she was handicapped at 8 st. 7 lbs., and had to give Agility 13 lbs. and Falkland 10 lbs. The last-named, indeed, she could have beaten easily at the weights, as Falkland is one of the slowest of horses, and requires a much longer course, but she was unable to give the weight away to Mr. Launde's sterling daughter of Adventurer. As we have remarked on another occasion, Sornette is not built to carry very heavy weights, much less when having so much the worst of the handicap. With 8 st. and her opponent 7 st. 1 lb. she might perhaps have won, though even then she would have obtained no bloodless victory over

Agility; but she can give more away at that scale of weights than at any other. Now Agility achieved a very easy victory, and Falkland obtained the 200 sovs. for second place on sufferance, it being very properly thought not worth while to ride out a mare of Sornette's value for the sake of any paltry money prize attaching to the second place. In a fifty pound plate, across the Flat, weight for age, Prince Henry made a fine example of Podesta, whilome favourite for the Cambridgeshire, and reported as good as Kingcraft at his best, and also beat Dutch Skater and Gourbi; but the distance was not far enough for these two horses, and, in addition, Dutch Skater has had no idle holiday since he has been in the British islands. In the All-aged Stakes, Brethby Stakes course, Rosicrucian was opposed by Normanby, Typhoeus, and Kingcraft, and Sir Joseph Hawley's handsome horse won cleverly, but by no means with sufficient in hand from Normanby (considering that the weights are all in favour of the old horses, as against the three-year-olds) to justify the extravagant laudations of which he is sometimes made the subject. Poor Kingcraft, it is almost unnecessary to say, was the absolute last. The original entry for this race was most brilliant, comprising, in addition to the four above-named, Frivolity, See-Saw, Sunshine, Mantilla, and Martinique; but what havoc time and hard work have made of the majority of them!

The minor handicaps of the week need only detain us for a moment. In the Cambridgeshire trial Blue Gown carried his 9 st. to victory in something like his once familiar style, though Adams had to keep him well to his work at the finish. A whole regiment of French horses took part in this race, Gourbi, Evoko, and Flibustier amongst them, but only Miss Hervine was near the old horse at the finish. She ran sufficiently well up the hill to give her a fair chance on the last day of the meeting when running against Duke of Beaufort and Westminster over the Cambridgeshire course. It seemed hard on her to have to give Duke of Beaufort—shadow of himself as he is—a year and a stone, and she would not have won but for Mr. Brayley's horse giving way just in the last few strides. The Houghton Handicap brought out twenty runners, instead of four, the number that took part in it last year. The quality of the field was, however, very moderate, and but for the reappearance of Friponnier the race would hardly have deserved notice. Mr. Pryor's celebrated chestnut had not been sufficiently trained to have a chance of winning, even with so moderate a weight (for him) as 8 st. 9 lbs. Still he ran sufficiently well to show that his old galloping powers have not entirely deserted him, and he finished third. The first and second places were taken respectively by Lady Sophia and Countryman, and as the former was receiving 3 stone from Stephanotis, an animal of her own age, it may be believed that there was nothing to boast of in the victory.

REVIEWS.

COWPER.*

IT is not very difficult to point out the causes which have made Cowper one of the most popular among English poets. The purity both of his subjects and of their treatment, the pietistic tone which still endears him to the great religious party whose cause he delighted to plead, his domestic sympathies, his love of rural life, his common sense, the clear crisp English of his poems, have all had their part in his success. But there are of course far deeper causes than these. There are few intellectual qualities which are more delightful than humour, and Cowper was essentially a humourist. The humorous essays in the *Connoisseur* are his earliest prose compositions; "John Gilpin" is undoubtedly his most popular poem. His letters are models of polite fun—a fun as genuine and pleasurable as it is distinct from the wit of Horace Walpole. It is the humourist who "welcomes peaceful evening in" with stirred fire and closed curtains, and the urn steaming beside him; who finds his pleasure in peeping "through the loopholes of retreat at such a world" as the Babel around him; who lies awake half the night convulsed with laughter over his friend's story, and rises next morning to pen the famous ballad of the ride to Ware. The well-known legend of the origin of the "Task" brings out the air of light, cheerful badinage which was natural to the man. Cowper asked Lady Austen for a subject. "You can write upon any subject," laughed his friend; "write upon this sofa." And Cowper at once begins, with a smile upon his lip,

I sing the Sofa, I who lately sang
Faith, Hope, and Charity!

and rambles on with a humourist's waywardness, the waywardness of Rabelais or Tristram Shandy. His poetic tone is heightened and set off in the verses that follow, as in others it is cramped and controlled, by the shrewd eye of a man of the world. Whether he wanders, indeed, beneath "the cool colonnade" of poplars, or drapes himself in the censor's mantle, one discerns always beneath poet or pietist the same keen, quiet observer of the fancies and fashions of men. Cowper is the predecessor of Crabbe as a painter of real life, but his touch is finer, his humour and sensibility truer and more delicate. Scattered everywhere over his pages are vignettes of men and women as perfect in outline and tone as those of Addison. When the wind blows open

* *Poetical Works of William Cowper*. Edited by William Benham, Vicar of Addington. Globe Edition. London: Macmillan & Co. 1870.

the gypsy's rags and discloses "a tawny skin, the vellum of the pedigree they claim," one almost fancies Mr. Spectator is again chatting with Sir Roger de Coverley and the fortune-teller. It is especially in his social figures that he recalls for us the neatness and precision of the great essayist. The group round the card-table, the chess-player with his "eye as fixed as marble," the art-connoisseur at an auction, Sir Smug at his patron's board, are all masterpieces of good-natured humour. But his range of observation is far deeper and wider than Addison's. The coarse despair of the farmer at Tithing day is as accurately painted as the vulgarity of the tradesman of Cheapside. The pathos of his picture of the broken-hearted servant-girl who haunts the common and "begs an idle pin of all she meets" is as irresistible as that of the story of *Le Fevre*. It is his humour that breaks out in Cowper's charming egotism. Half his attraction lies in his autobiographic tone. He is a Montaigne of a different stamp, chatting to us of his hares and his garden, his "fancies of strange images observed in the red embers" as he stoops over the fire, his friends and foes, his joys and sorrows. There is no poet whom we know so intimately. The address to his mother's picture is the memoir of his childhood:—

When playing with thy vesture's tissue flowers,
The violet, the pink, and jessamine,
I pricked them into paper with a pin—
And thou wast happier than myself the while,
Wouldst softly speak, and stroke my head, and smile.

Each phase of his life, each habit, each liking is as liberally laid open as in the self-revelations of the Gascon philosopher. Every one knows his early love of fields and flowers, his early study of Cowley, his learning Milton by heart, his walks arm-in-arm with Mrs. Unwin, his dislike of tobacco, his love for "the cups that cheer and not inebriate," his evenings with the tame hares gambolling over the carpet. His social taste is the taste of a genial Thackeray, with just the same touch of contempt for the rural snobbery around him. He chose the Unwins for his friends because he found them "the most agreeable people imaginable, quite sociable, and free from the ceremonious civility of country gentlefolks. The old gentleman," he adds characteristically, "is a man of sense, and as simple as Parson Adams." In kindly company like this his life expanded freely. The greater passions, struggles, interests of the world, were strange to him. He had his love-disappointment at the opening of his life, and one of the most remarkable of his early poems shows, as Mr. Benham in his admirable biography has pointed out, that the blow told more heavily than most of his commentators have been willing to allow:—

See me, ere yet my destined course half-run,
Cast forth a wanderer on a wild unknown!
See me neglected on the world's rough coast,
Each dear companion of my voyage lost!

A verse like this strikes, at the very opening of his poetical career, the note which closes it in the "Castaway." But his temper subsided early and naturally into the milder delights of Mary Unwin's friendship or Lady Austen's society. He shrank from ambition as from passion; the rough energy of his age, its canal-digging and engine-building, its unsparing criticism, its audacious science, all were strange and distasteful to him. Something of the humourist's scepticism mingled with the natural shyness and timidity which secluded the poet from the world. The Cowper of popular legend is for once the Cowper of fact; it is only with his hares, or in the cosy seat beside the tea-table, or in the little arbour where he sang hidden like a bird in leaves and flowers, that he was really at home.

No doubt there was another side to all this. Cowper's despair, his religious melancholy, his madness, invests him with a far more tragic interest than the sunnier aspect of his life. Mr. Benham's treatment of this difficult subject is wiser and more just than that of preceding biographers, but in his effort to be fair to the Calvinistic school among whom the poet was unhappily thrown he has fallen into the very common fault of unfairness towards the religion of his age. "All writers," he tells us, "agree in holding that it was an evil time both in faith and practice;" and he adopts Mr. Pattison's verdict that it was "an age destitute of depth and earnestness; an age whose poetry was without romance, whose philosophy was without insight, and whose public men were without character; an age of 'light without love,' whose very merits were of the earth, earthy." Estimates of this kind always omit from the religion of the eighteenth century the one essential factor of the problem, the religious element itself. It is only by the exclusion of Nelson and Newton, of Wesley and Romaine, from its religion that we can pronounce it "an evil time in faith and practice," as it is only by the exclusion of Hume and Berkeley that we can pronounce its philosophy to be "without insight." It is amusing that Bishop Wilson, the divine in whom Mr. Arnold has lately found "light" and "love" most eminently combined, should be a divine of this very age of "light without love." The eighteenth century followed two centuries during which the world's mind had been wholly set on religious subjects and theological strife. Against this entire absorption of human energy into a single channel there was, no doubt, a strong and healthy reaction. Literature, science, mechanical enterprise, commercial activity all claimed their part in human effort. Within the religious pale itself there was, no doubt, a great change, and above all a vigorous reaction against the narrowness of theological systems. But it would be hard to count this reaction irreligious, as the Jacobite persons counted it from whom our modern censures are mostly taken, unless we count justice and mercy so. The

Latitudinarian school practically gave the tone to English religion during the eighteenth century, and in truth and fairness of theology the Latitudinarians stood far beyond any who had preceded them. That it was the age of Evidences simply proves that, unlike later divines, scholars of the Paley stamp cheerfully accepted the test of free inquiry, the ultimate appeal to reason, and the task, possible or impossible, of reconciling its conclusions with faith. To the revived fanaticism of the Puritan school such a course seemed godless enough, just as to Cowper or Newton science and criticism seemed audacious defiance of Divine wisdom. But it is as difficult to accept the verdicts of Calvinism on these subjects as it is to accept the dictum of Mr. Pattison that the exhibition of religious truth for practical purposes was confined in "the period of the Evidences" to a few obscure writers. The writers of the *Sacra Privata*, the *Serious Call*, and the Saturday essays of the *Spectator* can scarcely be called obscure. That Cowper isolated himself from all the healthy effort and sober religion of his day, that his whole life flung itself into the gloomy fanaticism of men like Newton, we are far from considering, with Mr. Benham, an inevitable result of his religious earnestness. It might have been avoided, and had it been avoided one element at least of his melancholy, the form which it eventually assumed, would at any rate have been removed. But Calvinism furnished only one element of it. Its main cause lay in the man himself. It is difficult not to see how much of the religious excitement which ended in his terrible mania sprang from Cowper's craving for a sphere of feeling and action wider and greater than was naturally his own. There was in him a restlessness that beat its wings fiercely against the bars of the cosy little cage in which he lived. For all that was really powerful in himself and his work he cared least. He was an exquisite painter of character and landscape, but his aim was to be a moralist and a didactic poet. He put down his graceful vignettes of gypsies and poplar shades to assume the airs of a Christian Juvenal. He pronounced other themes to be worn out, and religion to be a new and unworked theme of his own discovery. But for a philosophical survey of the world with which his censure pretended to deal he was thoroughly unqualified. His politics were the mild Whiggery of a little country town. His classical training had left him utterly ignorant of history or science. "He foresees," says Mr. Benham, "the end of the world close at hand. He rails at the natural philosopher who attempts to discover the causes of physical calamities such as earthquakes or diseases, at the historian who takes the trouble to investigate the motives of remarkable men, at the geologist and astronomer." Nothing can be more wearisome than his condemnation of pleasures and a world of which he knew nothing. It is with the mere shibboleth of party that "he denounces oratorios, chess, whist-playing, and smoking as severely as he does breaches of the moral law." And it is the more unreal that the moment we get beneath the surface we find ourselves obliged to distinguish between Cowper himself and this Cowper who is simply repeating the jargon of his friends. In himself he preserves throughout a perfect moderation and good sense. "When he met with a smoker in the person of his friend Bull, his anger and scorn were over and done with directly." He did not hesitate to express his honest admiration of such a rake as Churchill. If he wrote like a bigot against Papists, he cancelled the passage on making the acquaintance of one, like a man of sense. He even made friends with a Roman Catholic family whom his neighbours shunned. His reply to Newton, who had censured him for intercourse with "worldly" persons, is a bold rebuke to his friend's fanaticism. "I could show you among them two men," he writes, "whose lives, though they have but little of what we call evangelical light, are ornaments to a Christian country—men who fear God more than some who profess to love him." The unreality became far more terrible in its results when it passed into the sphere of personal piety. Cowper was by nature a gay, cheerful humourist; what he aimed at was the position of a stern religious enthusiast, or the gloomy seclusion of a rebel against God. He had the longing of an unquiet spirit for the imaginative woe of griefs which were really strange to his nature. Much of his earlier feeling must have been purely imaginary; a simple comparison of dates shows him writing merry letters to one friend at the very moment when he is inditing the gloomiest expressions of spiritual despair to another. But the conception of a struggle with heaven, of his position as the "Castaway" of Divine wrath, gave a grandeur and intensity to Cowper's life which had its pleasure as well as its pain. Byron hurling defiance at a God he feared is a different picture from Cowper playing with his knife and fork while grace was said, lest bystanders should think he ventured to join in the prayer. But in both poets there is the same indication of a satisfaction, differing greatly indeed in point of consciousness, at an isolation which gave them something of the grandeur of Satan. "Hell disavows and Deity disowns me" might have fallen from the lips of Lara. Even in the tenderer mood of Cowper's religious melancholy there are traces of the same longing for isolation, isolation from men where not from heaven. In the touching verses in which he paints himself as a "stricken deer" it is easy to note the unconscious pride with which he regards his own severance from the mass of men:—

Since then, with few associates, in remote
And silent woods I wander, far from those
My former partners of the peopled scene;
With few associates, and not wishing more.
Here much I ruminate, as much I may,
With other views of men and manners now
Than once, and others of a life to come.
I see that all are wanderers, gone astray
Each in his own delusions.

We have left ourselves little space to speak of Cowper purely as a poet. He was far from being the first to introduce landscape into poetry; in his own day Thomson had done this on a far larger scale than he ever attempted. But he is perhaps the first English poet who ever painted the personal joy of country landscapes. The author of the *Seasons* unwinds a glorious roll of scenes, but he never touches them or is himself a part of them. Cowper walks with us through the country he paints, splashing up muddy lanes to the peasant's cottage on the little hill, or stumbling among the molehills into the meadow "ankle-deep in moss and flowery thyme." Only one English poet can be compared with him in the sense of actual familiarity with the scenes he describes, in that sense of open-airiness, if we may venture to coin the word, which pervades the delicious pictures of his "Task." But Wordsworth climbing Helvellyn, or skirting lake and mere, is another sight from Cowper wandering along the sedgy banks of Ouse. The poet of the Lakes deliberately chose his home among scenes of a special grandeur, apart from common English sights and sounds. Cowper took Huntingdon and Olney as he found them. It is his perception of the beauty in common sights and sounds, his general all-embracing pleasure in them, that is the note of his poetry. He may be said to have discovered the field so exquisitely worked out since by Tennyson, the landscape of the Eastern counties, with its slow rivers and spacious meadows, the tranquil landscape of half England. No finer picture of such a scene has ever been painted than that which stands at the entrance of the "Task"; and still more exquisite, while more familiar, are the well-known lines,

The poplars are felled, farewell to the shade
And the whispering sound of the cool colonnade.

It is something of the tenderness of colour, the breadth and repose of these large landscapes, that makes such pictures as that of *Evening and Night* in the "Winter Evening" so charming. Cowper finds another point of likeness with Wordsworth in the closeness and fineness of his observation. His delight in the varying shades of tinting among the nearer woods, his view of the sheep pouring from the sheep-folds—

At first, progressive as a stream, they seek
The middle field; but scattered by degrees,
Each to his choice, soon whiten all the land—

are perfectly Wordsworthian. It is curious that both poets have noticed the unity of act among cattle in a meadow. Wordsworth's "there are forty feeding like one" is famous enough; Cowper's passage is less known:—

The very kine that gambol at high noon,
The total herd receiving first from one
That leads the dance a summons to be gay,
Though wild their strange vagaries, and uncouth
Their efforts, yet resolved with one consent
To give such act and utterance as they may
To ecstasy too big to be suppress.

But between the relation of the two poets to the nature they describe there is a very wide difference. In Wordsworth there is little or no trace of any personal love or familiarity with any living creature. The linnet is little more than a bright creature stirring among the leaves. The lark is a symbol of domestic affection. The cuckoo is no bird, but a wandering voice. Cowper, on the other hand, is like Burns in his lovingness of temper and tone. His descriptions are often like so many soft caresses. He moves among the life of nature with a sort of playfellow feeling; the hare, to borrow his own words, scarce shuns him; the stock-dove still coos in the pine-tree, nor suspends her long love-ditty at his approach; the squirrel, "flippant, pert, and full of play," springs up the neighbouring beech only to "whisk his brush and perk his ears and stamp and scold aloud with all the prettiness of feigned alarm and anger insignificantly fierce." The most famous of Cowper's lines is as characteristic as it is famous—"God made the country and man made the town." And yet his own pictures of rural life are the best refutation of his words. No poet is more sternly realistic in his treatment of country people. The very woodsman marches along with his pipe in his mouth, "with pressure of his thumb to adjust the fragrant charge of a short tube that fumes beneath his nose." The riot, the dispute, the drunkenness of the village alehouse take a form singularly in contrast with the lyrical eulogies of Burns. We see the thief and the poacher prowling along the country lanes; the very milkmaid has flaunting ribbons on her head; if the village bells fall in melodious chime on his ear, the poet sketches with unsparing pen the drone of the village parson. Cowper is no writer of sham pastorals; his rustics are photographed as clearly and truthfully as the gentry of his social satire. It is in this combination of hard truthfulness in human portraiture with loving fidelity in his delineation of the natural life and scenery amongst which men live, that half Cowper's power consists. Of his use of humour we have spoken before, but it is especially noteworthy in its contrast with Pope's poetic use of wit.

We cannot now dwell further on either poet or poetry; but we must not conclude without drawing attention to the series of books of which the present volume forms a part. So far as we have seen them, the "Globe" editions of our English poets are admirable for their scholarly editing, their typographical excellence, their compendious form, and their cheapness. Mr. Benham's edition of Cowper is one of permanent value. The biographical introduction is excellent, full of information, singularly neat and readable, and modest—indeed too modest—in its comments. The

text is arranged in chronological order, which, amongst other advantages, puts the "Castaway" in its proper position as Cowper's last poem. The notes seem concise and accurate, and the editor has been able to discover and introduce some hitherto unprinted matter. Altogether the book is a very excellent one.

FANCY MAPS OF EUROPE.*

THERE are some who find in the Life of Mr. Jonathan Wild the Great a type of the career of the Emperor Napoleon III. We have indeed heard from the pulpit not a few types which seemed much more fanciful. However, we hold it to be somewhat premature to enter into a speculation such as this till we know whether the Emperor will fall like his great prototype, "by a death as glorious as his life had been, and which was so truly agreeable to it, that the latter must have been deplorably maimed and imperfect without it." We cannot therefore as yet maintain that Fielding was a second Nostradamus, and gave prophecies so clear that the moment they were fulfilled every one could see that they had been made. We must wait some time before we assume that while he was writing his great history he was not only looking backwards to Cæsar, but also was looking forwards to Napoleon. We should indeed, as men, be sorry for any violence to be done to the person of His Imperial Majesty. Nevertheless, in a strictly artistic point of view, we cannot but regret that he should be deprived of that "death which hath been alone wanting to complete the characters of several ancient and modern heroes, whose histories would then have been read with much greater pleasure by the wisest in all ages." Leaving then Jonathan the Great and Napoleon III. aside for the present, we would point out a resemblance, even more close if that were possible, between another of Fielding's characters and the French nation in general. When Captain John Bliffl married Miss Bridget Allworthy, "his meditations," we are told, "were entirely employed on Mr. Allworthy's fortune; for, first, he exercised much thought in calculating, as well as he could, the exact value of the whole: which calculations he often saw occasion to alter in his own favour: and secondly and chiefly, he pleased himself with intended alterations in the house and gardens, and in projecting many other schemes, as well for the improvement of the estate as of the grandeur of the place: for this purpose he applied himself to the studies of architecture and gardening, and read over many books on both these subjects; for these sciences, indeed, employed his whole time, and formed his only amusement. He at last completed a most excellent plan; and very sorry we are that it is not in our power to present it to our reader, since even the luxury of the present age, I believe, would hardly match it. It had, indeed, in a superlative degree, the two principal ingredients which serve to recommend all great and noble designs of this nature; for it required an immoderate expense to execute, and a vast length of time to bring it to any sort of perfection."

Great as were the designs of Captain Bliffl, and vast though the changes were that he intended to make, they were all confined to one parish in the county of Somerset. The studies to which he devoted himself were merely architecture and gardening. Unhappily he had not studied history, or he might have shown that in the days of Cæsar the Bliffls, with other Celts, held the whole country, and that therefore Mr. Allworthy, as a brutal Teuton, had no claim to any part of it. Nor had he studied "la Raison et la Justice," or he might have proved that when he desired to get the whole property of one from whom he had already had so much, "son ambition et ses aspirations étaient naturelles et légitimes." Equally ignorant was he apparently of *La Nature*, which had at the creation of the world placed a river in Mr. Allworthy's park, merely to show where the land might be naturally divided between the owner and the owner's brother-in-law. Military man though he was, he had not even made a study of the art of war, nor formed a scheme for falling upon Mr. Allworthy unawares. He might at the least have got ready a bludgeon, and then, as soon as "un frisson patriotique" had seized him, have knocked out his brother's brains and annexed his lands. But Captain Bliffl was only one man, and not a whole nation. He did the utmost that a degenerate age allowed him, and though the French have greatly improved upon the example he set them, we must not forget that France only follows in his steps, when "logiquement et avec justice, elle veut recouvrer des frontières et des annexes qui appartiennent à sa nationalité."

France indeed has for some years been playing Captain Bliffl's game very prettily. She has pleased herself with intended alterations in the map of Europe, and has applied herself to the studies of geography, nationalities, and war. She completed a most excellent plan, one which required an immoderate expense to execute, and a vast length of time to bring it to any sort of perfection. While waiting till she could acquire "ses frontières naturelles," just as Captain Bliffl had amused herself with his architectural plans, so had she amused herself with her map-drawing. If her soldiers with their bayonets could not at once put her into possession of Belgium and the Rhenish provinces, her geographical professors with their paint brushes could make it seem as though they had. No doubt, if there had been in Jezreel "un professeur de géographie au Lycée Ahab," the King of Israel might for some years

* *Albert Hans, de la Société de Géographie. L'Europe Nouvelle. Cartes dressées par M. Louis Bonnefond, professeur de Géographie au Lycée Bonaparte. Paris: Dentu. 1870.*

have been contented with a plan of his estate, where Naboth's vineyard was coloured blue as well as his own, and would not have gone to bed in the sulks and refused to eat. As it was, deprived of this sweet consolation, he did the best that his rude age allowed him. He got ready his mitrailleuses in the shape of a heap of stones, and his M. Benedetti of Corsica in the shape of two men of Belial, and, accusing Naboth of blaspheming God and the King, which is the Jewish for favouring a Hohenzollern, he went down to take possession. The comparison between Ahab ceases, however, here, and we must return to Blifil. When our gallant captain had matured his plans, he found that nothing was wanting to enable him to enter upon the immediate execution of them but the death of Mr. Allworthy. But about this he felt no apprehension, for while his brother-in-law was an elderly man, "the soundness of his own constitution and his time of life, which is only what is called middle-age, removed all apprehensions of his not living to accomplish his plan." He spent a good deal of his time in studying mathematics, and purchased every book extant that treated of the value of lives, reversions, &c. He satisfied himself that, "as he had every day a chance of Mr. Allworthy's death happening, so had he more than an even chance of its happening within a few years. But while the Captain was one day buried in deep contemplations of this kind, one of the most unlucky as well as unseasonable accidents happened to him. The utmost malice of Fortune could indeed have contrived nothing so cruel, so malapropos, so absolutely destructive to all his schemes. In short, just at the very instant when his heart was exulting in meditations on the happiness which would accrue to him by Mr. Allworthy's death, he himself—died of an apoplexy."

Fielding, in his *Journey from this World to the Next*, does not introduce us to the poor Captain's ghost. Otherwise we should have doubtless found it bitterly lamenting over the brutality of Mr. Allworthy, who had with such insolence ventured to keep his own and to have the better of so much younger a man. Poor France also had been anxiously calculating the soundness of her own constitution, and found that while Germany had weak places in Hanover and the Southern States, she herself was "prête pour la lutte et pleine de force." But she too in the midst of her deep contemplations experienced the utmost malice of Fortune, for just as her heart was exulting in meditations on the territory which would accrue to her by Prussia's defeat, she herself—was hopelessly beaten.

We hope that all prophetic map-making will have received its death-blow in France, and that officers of artillery like M. Hans, and professors of geography like M. Bonnefond, will follow our example in leaving to the children in their nursery that pretty puzzle of the Map of Europe. M. Hans is, we must admit, unusually moderate in what he claims for his country. He only requires Belgium, Luxemburg, the French-speaking cantons of Switzerland, and "une partie au moins des provinces Rhénanes." Satisfied with these, he hands over German Switzerland and Holland to Prussia. We must not forget to add that he expects that at the end of this century "la nationalité française comprendra fatalement, nécessairement, justement," besides the countries we have mentioned, the Channel Islands also. Not only are we to lose our Channel Islands, but Gibraltar and Malta are to follow. Gibraltar will of course be taken from us by the Spaniards; and as for Malta, we shall most likely give it up to the next Pope:—

Si, comme on le prétend, le cardinal anglais Wiseman, archevêque de Londres, doit succéder à Pie IX, on comprend qu'il reste des probabilités pour que l'Angleterre cède facilement Malte au nouveau pontife.

We are glad to be able to take M. Hans's solemn assurance that "ces hypothèses sont basées sur l'observation du courant politique moderne, et sur les conclusions rigoureuses qui se dégagent de la philosophie de l'histoire contemporaine." Otherwise we should, as a mere matter of fact and without regard to the philosophy of history, have been inclined to doubt whether Cardinal Wiseman ever was Archbishop of London, and whether he is not now in his grave. If all artillery officers in France have the same ignorance and the same conceit which are apparently M. Hans's sole qualifications for the task he has set himself, there is little cause for wonder at the disasters that their branch of the service has brought upon the army. Here we have a man gravely setting to work with his "logique" and his "hypothèses" to settle the map of Europe for the next century or two, and yet so grossly ignorant as to assume that a great Protestant country will yield the possession of one of its strongest fortresses to the ghost of a dead man, provided that he is made Pope. We are not surprised to find that M. Hans goes on to re-arrange the geography of the whole world, though why he does not settle at once the solar system "au point de vue du principe des nationalités" we can scarcely say. The United States are destined not only to deprive us of all our territory in North America, but they even threaten Spanish America. "Ils menacent les îles Galapagos"—celebrated at present, according to Mr. Darwin, for the vast size of their leading inhabitants, the tortoises—"et les îles Malouines et Hopparo, près le détroit de Magellan." There is some comfort for us, however, though none for the Spanish Americans. If we are to lose Canada in the West, in the East nevertheless we shall find compensation, for "les nègres Papouas de la Mélanésie et les Kanaks de la Polynésie disparaîtront devant les Anglo-Saxons de l'Australie." Even though the inhabitants of the Channel Islands join themselves with enthusiasm to France, though we lose Gibraltar, Malta, and Canada; though we are reckoned among "les États réductibles," nevertheless, with

Cardinal Wiseman Pope in Malta, and "les nègres Papouas et les Kanaks" annexed to our Empire, we shall at all events have some remnant of that Empire over which the sun at present never sets.

THE HERALDEY OF SMITH.*

WHEN the god Heimdall went through the world under a false name, he was hospitably received by three worthy couples, Ai and Edda, Afi and Amma, Father and Mother. Edda and Amma, it may be as well to explain, mean in the old Scandinavian Great-grandmother and Grandmother respectively. Each household in due time received its reward in the birth of a son. Ai and Edda became the parents of Thrall Afi and Amma of Karl, Father and Mother of Jarl. Hence was the land peopled with the three immemorial classes of slaves, freemen, and nobles. With the children of Thrall and of Jarl we have just now nothing to do; but when Karl in due time begot sons and daughters, he called the name of one of the sons *Smith*. This is no parable of ours, but a genuine piece of Scandinavian mythology contained in the *Rigs Mal Saga*. We look through the names of the other sons of all three pairs of parents; a few still exist among us, but most have vanished. *Jarl* still abides under the form of *Earle*; *Smith* still abides in its own form. We believe then that we are right in maintaining, as we always have maintained, that, as *Smith* is the most wide-spread, so it is also the most ancient and unchanged, and therefore, we presume, the most honourable, of all Teutonic surnames.

We are therefore somewhat astonished when we find a learned gentleman of the Inner Temple writing a book in honour of the House of Smith, and failing to go to the fountain head and tell us, as he might have done, who and what the Smiths really are. The pedigree of Smith the son of Karl is older than anything to be dug out of Peerages and Books of County Families. Mr. Grazebrook need not quote Sir Bernard Burke to "tell us that all the Smiths in Scotland are descended from Neil Croomb, third son of Murdoch, of the clan Chattan, who flourished in the reign of William the Lion, six hundred years ago." Seven hundred, by the leave of Mr. Grazebrook and Sir Bernard; but what is seven hundred years—something less than the antiquity of the living Berkeley and the extinct Percy—compared with the antiquity of Smith the son of Karl? To take a higher flight still, the Harcourt and the Bourbon, the children of Bernard the Dane and of Robert the Strong, were not yet heard of in the days when the God Heimdall made his journey upon earth. It is of course the genuine Smith, and the genuine Smith only, of whom we write. Smythe and Smijth have no part or lot in the matter. Haply they were impostors from the beginning. Or, if they did once come of the true stock, they must be looked on as having as utterly forfeited its rights and honours as if they had degraded themselves into Vernons and Carringtons.

If then Mr. Grazebrook is right in saying that "in public opinion this ubiquitous name is invariably associated with meanness and vulgarity," we can only make bold to say, So much the worse for public opinion. We do not however feel at all certain that public opinion is so silly as all this; Mr. Grazebrook has surely set up his own windmill to tilt at. Nor we do see why he should allow that the name of Smith is "by no means euphonious." "Euphonious" is a hard word, and perhaps we do not know exactly what it means. To our ears Smith, unlike Smythe or Smijth, has a good honest English ring, far above the common run of names of one syllable. We should be loth to change it for a name like Vere, which at once proclaims a man to be a Frenchman, or for names like Sturt and Cust, which look like accidental gatherings of letters without any meaning at all.

Mr. Grazebrook, in short, is a champion who fails to do justice to his subject. He tells us with perfect truth that

Smiths have there been, noble in every sense of the word; and at what period of English history has not some member of the family added lustre to its—if you will—ignoble name?

The Church, the Bar, the Bench, the Army, the Navy; Law, Physic, Divinity, Science—all owe something to this prolific race.

Then follows a list of illustrious Smiths, containing not only Adam and Sidney and Sydney, but Alexander the poet and Joseph the Mormon. We look, however, in vain at the two ends of the catalogue for the Thomas of the days of Elizabeth and for the Goldwin of our own day.

Our short extract from Mr. Grazebrook helps us to another fact, namely that Smith is a really "ubiquitous" name—ubiquitous, that is, wherever any Teutonic language is spoken. Mr. Grazebrook professes to deal with the Smiths of Germany as well as with those of England. He has dealt somewhat superficially with this branch of the subject, and confesses that he has not "consulted a German *Wappenbuch*." We suspect that, if we were to reckon them up, the Schmidts would be found to be only less illustrious than the Müllers. The *Geschichte der Deutschen* and the *Gesetze der Angelsachsen* are no mean contributions to the common glory of the name on both sides of the sea. Indeed it might not be too much to say that the whole Teutonic race are in a manner Smiths. In the ancient speech any man who made anything was a *smith* of that which he made. We sometimes talk irreverently of a *playwright*, but our fathers would have called Shakespeare or

* *The Heraldry of Smith: being a Collection of the Arms borne by, or attributed to, most Families of that Surname in Great Britain, Ireland, and Germany.* Compiled from the Harleian MSS. and other authentic Sources. By H. Sydney Grazebrook, Esq., of the Inner Temple. London: John Russell Smith. 1870.

Æschylus a playsmith in all honest reverence. We have not only the *iron-smith*, the *gold-smith*, and the *seal-for-smith*, who speak for themselves; but we have the *léon-smith*, the smith of mischief or evil, the fearful *helle-smith*, in whom the Greek *Héphaistos* and the Scriptural Devil seem to have got jumbled together, and more honourable among their fellows, we have the *lár-smith*, the smith of lore or instruction, the *wundor-smith*, or worker of wonders, and the *wig-smith*, the smith of war, the warrior. In this latter connexion the *smith*, the *smith*, appears again in all the literal force of his name. And this last is the name which our national songs applied to the whole folk of the Angles and Saxons, those bold *wig-smiths* who came from the east over the broad sea and smote the Welsh and gat them a land to dwell in. And we need not turn to a German *Wappenbuch* to learn that the breed of those *wig-smiths* who were left behind still flourishes, without a sign of degeneracy, in the old brother-land.

We have, as our readers know, so small a stock of reverence for the noble science of heraldry that the arms of Smith affect us just as much and just as little as the arms of any other name. Still we must give some credit for a delicate ingenuity of allusion to those who devised the Smith coats which bear a horseshoe, and, still more prettily, an ostrich swallowing the horseshoe. The only objection is that an English Smith might haply be mistaken for a French Ferrers. It is a sad falling off from one of these elder Smith coats to turn to that of Sir Sidney Smith, the hero of Acre, the "detestable taste" of which is properly reprobated by Mr. Lower and Mr. Grazebrook. Here is the hero's blazon:—

Smith, as granted in 1803 to Sir William Sidney Smith, K.C.B., the "hero of Acre." Azure, on a chevron engrailed, between three lions passant guardant or, a wreath of laurel proper between two crosses Calvary sable, on a chief of augmentation, the interior of an ancient fortification, in perspective; in the angle a breach, and on the sides of the said breach the standard of the Ottoman Empire, and the union flag of Great Britain. Crest, a leopard's head proper, gorged with a plain collar, therefrom a line reflexed, issuant out of an eastern crown or. Also a crest of augmentation, viz. the Imperial Ottoman chelengk, or plume of triumph, upon a turban. Supporters,—Dexter, a lamb, murally crowned, in the mouth an olive branch, supporting the banner of Jerusalem. Sinister, a tiger guardant, navally crowned, in the mouth a palm branch, supporting the union flag of Great Britain, with the inscription "Jerusalem, 1799," upon the cross of St. George.

The Grand Turk is now a Knight of the Garter, sworn to the service of St. George and the rooting-out of Paynimrie. Otherwise we might have asked how the two crosses of Calvary, the union flag of St. George and St. Andrew, and the mystical lamb of the Templars got on in company with the standard of the Ottoman Empire and the Imperial Ottoman chelengk or plume of triumph. But the great point is the legend "Jerusalem, 1799," which suggests some thoughts which go to the root of all heraldic science. We ask in all seriousness, Has heraldry any business to exist in an age when people in general can read? To our probably grovelling imagination the first object of heraldry, that is to say, the use of hereditary devices on shields, was to mark a man's name and family in days when people in general could not read. Smith very properly marked his shield with horseshoes, because many people when they saw the horseshoes would know that they meant "This is Smith," though they could not have read the words "This is Smith" if they had been written down. Heraldry, in short, belongs to the same stage of civilization as Egyptian hieroglyphics, as Mexican picture-writing, or as sign-boards of the ancient fashion. Should it not, like them, vanish before the fuller light of the alphabet? When the painter has to write underneath his picture "This is a Bear," it is clear that the art of writing has outstripped that of painting. Now the herald who cannot express Jerusalem in any symbolical way, who cannot be sure that his scientific language will be understood unless he writes down the word Jerusalem by way of explanation, is in much the same case as the unsuccessful, yet discreet, painter of the bear. Can any intelligible distinction be drawn between heraldry and sign-painting? Each served a purpose when people could not read and write. Each has an antiquarian interest still. Men whose tastes lay that way have written books on the antiquities of sign-painting well nigh as elaborate as those which men whose tastes lay another way have written on the antiquities of shield-painting. But sign-painting is confessedly what in the grand style is called "an anachronism." If the Green Dragon has not developed into the Queen's Hotel, it is satisfied with writing up the words Green Dragon, without adding the *vera effigies* of the monster himself. Is not heraldry an anachronism just as much? Good wine, it was long ago said, needs no bush, and one is inclined to say that Brave Smith needs no Jerusalem.

We cast our eye over the Smiths and their arms, and we see that the author of the *Commonwealth of England*, left out in the incidental list of illustrious Smiths, does appear, and appears first of all, in the list of their bearings. According to Mr. Grazebrook, Sir Thomas claimed a descent from Sir Roger Clarendon, natural son of the Black Prince. How this may be we know not; if it was by male descent, we congratulate Clarendon on his promotion into Smith. We see it also said that Sir Thomas's descendants now write their name *Smith*. We strongly suspect that the authors of this vagary are not the statesman's lineal descendants. He himself certainly appears in Elizabethan documents as *Smyth* as well as *Smith*; but in those days men went on the principle of *idem sonans*; any spelling, *Smyth* or *Smith*, which made the sound, would do, but *Smith* would not have done, as not making any articulate sound at all.

Lastly we may note that Mr. Grazebrook in his preface complains:—

Great laxity now prevails in regard to arms. There is nothing save public opinion to prevent Mr. Howard the shopkeeper from assuming the proud bearings of the ducal house of Norfolk.

"Apprenticeship," we used to be told, "extinguisheth not gentry," and Howard the shopkeeper may have as long a pedigree as Howard the Duke. And it has often puzzled us why so modern a race as the Howards, who do not appear in the peerage till the time of Edward the Fourth and who are not heard of at all till the days of Edward the First, are always taken as the type of old descent. To be sure a family unheard of till Edward the First's time runs all the more chance of being of really English blood; but this is hardly the herald's way of looking at things. And, to wind up all, we look in vain among our Smiths for the name which must be only second in point of honour, that of Smithson. Has that good English stock so merged itself in the foreign Percy as to be no more seen among men? But in the relation between Smithson and Percy there is a delicate propriety which may not always have been noticed. The Percy of Northumberland in Chevy Chase was really no more a Percy than any so-called Percy now. The male line of the William of Percy of Domesday died out almost directly. The second stock of Percies came of the princely house of Louvain, sprung by female descent from Charles the Great. Here our *Rig Mál Saga* helps us again. Was not Karl the father of Smith? The *Smíðing* then is a near kinsman, though a junior kinsman, of the *Karling*. If then Jocelin of Louvain, a *quasi* Karling, was content to sink into the name and arms of Percy, we cannot wonder at the *Smíðing* or Smithson following in the same path.

THE CHAPLAIN IN THE FIELD OF WAR.*

WHEN the original work appeared from which this volume has been translated and condensed is not stated. But the publication of the English version at the present moment is due to the outbreak of the present deplorable war, and Mr. Gladstone considers that it will "serve a most important purpose in stirring up the public to still greater efforts than have yet been made for the relief of the sufferers." Happily there is little need in England for any such exhortations; indeed complaints have been uttered in some quarters at the enormous sums which have been sent out of the country for this charitable object, while there is so large a percentage of unrelieved suffering and destitution nearer home. But we hardly see how, if it were otherwise, this somewhat scanty record of the experiences of a Prussian army chaplain in 1866 could add anything to the fuller and more harrowing details of the present campaign which may be read from day to day in the letters of newspaper Correspondents. Indeed the translator admits that the scenes recorded by Mr. Rogge "sink almost into insignificance in comparison with what now exists in almost every town and village between Wissembourg and Metz." The interest of the book lies rather in the religious statistics of the Prussian army, with which the author is most directly occupied, and the light it incidentally throws on the present state of religious feeling in Protestant Germany. But even here we must confess to some disappointment. No doubt Mr. Rogge's account of such facts as fell within his own experience may be trusted as accurate, but we have less of facts, and more of rather rambling comments and rhapsodies, than we could have wished; and one cannot help suspecting that the writer's theological position, which is apparently what would be called in England "strictly Evangelical," has to some extent coloured his estimate of the spiritual condition of his countrymen. And then a great many of his stories are given secondhand. Soldiers engaged in a desperate war, with the prospect of death constantly staring them in the face, may no doubt be less disposed to indulge in rationalistic speculations, and more ready to listen to the teaching of their ministers, than men living quietly at home, and occupied in literature or the daily business of life. Still we must remember that the Prussian army is not a separate caste, but is to a great extent recruited *pro hac vice* from the ranks of the ordinary population. And, considering what we have been told lately by the author of *Religious Thought in Germany* and others, to say nothing of the notorious fact of the very infinitesimal proportion of the population in the habit of attending religious worship—some 30,000, for instance, out of the 650,000 inhabitants of Berlin—it seems odd that we should scarcely hear of any sceptical or irreligious feeling among those to whom Mr. Rogge was called to minister. In one case, apparently quite an exceptional one, we are told that a sick man declared his opinion that "all religious belief, prayer, sin, penitence, grace, were only 'views,'" and that he belonged to no religion. But it is immediately added, that this remark gave great offence to his comrades, who regarded it as a personal offence to their minister. As a general rule we are told there was the greatest eagerness manifested for spiritual ministrations, and especially for receiving the Lord's Supper, except that the same superstitious notion which sometimes makes uneducated Catholics shrink from receiving extreme unction, as though it were "tantamount to a sentence of death on the recipient," prevailed more or less among the Protestant soldiers in re-

* *The Chaplain in the Field of War, being the Experiences of the Clerical Staff during the Prussian Campaign of 1866.* Condensed from the Official Report of the Rev. B. Rogge. By George Gladstone, F.R.G.S. London: Bell & Daldy. 1870.

ference to the Lord's Supper. On one occasion a strange incident occurred, where the German chaplain used the services of a Jewish interpreter in administering the Sacrament to a Hungarian soldier, whose language he did not understand. We have heard of "a gentleman of the Hebrew persuasion" singing the *Incarnatus est* of the Nicene Creed at Warwick Street Chapel, in the old days when Pugin used to call it "the shilling opera," but this employment of the Hebrew's services sounds still stranger. However, we are assured that he seemed to be much impressed with the service. Mr. Rogge evidently thinks that the Prussians were more devout than the Austrian soldiers and officers, and he expressly states that "the Austrians, and especially those belonging to the Slavonic races," bore pain much less patiently. Some of the latter, he tells us, shot themselves to avoid being taken prisoners, and one officer boasted that he had given orders to his soldiers to kill him in such an event. The following touching story is of a different kind, and refers, one would have thought, to a Roman Catholic deathbed, from the mention of confession, but that the context seems to imply the contrary. It is told on the authority of some chaplain unnamed:—

Another reports: "I have found a brother in the faith in the person of a young officer of eighteen years old. He was descended from the family of an old Count of the Empire in Hesse, and the traditions of his ancestry led him to enter the Austrian army. He had fallen badly wounded, and became a Prussian prisoner, but was attended with great care. At length his aunt, who was a Prussian subject, arrived; and shortly before his death his old governess also. I confess that when he was alone I felt a particular drawing to his bedside, for I had not up to that time found such a childlike, pure, and believing heart amongst any of the soldiers, as he possessed. The veil of melancholy rested upon his finely-chiselled features, because he felt, even before I spoke to him, that God would call him away in the bloom of youth; and now the seeds of a pious education were springing up amidst pains and sufferings. He made his confession with such fervour and humility that I was deeply affected; and when he knew that he must die, he folded his hands and repeated the hymn of prayer, 'Christ, who is my life,' all through; then his tears fell as he thought of his parents weeping for him. I can truly say, 'His soul pleased God. Ave pia anima.'"

This leads us to say a word on a subject to which the author so constantly recurs in every chapter that it would seem to have been one main object of his book to illustrate it—the relations of the Protestant and Roman Catholic clergy during the war. He tells us that as a rule they were on the best terms with each other, and quite ready to sink "all minor differences," and of this he gives several, sometimes almost comic, illustrations. Frequently the service had to be held in Roman Catholic churches, and we are told that great numbers of the native population attended them as well as some of the priests. At Linz a Catholic deacon said to the chaplain at the close of the Protestant Communion service, "The fact is, God has given you the victory, because your soldiers fear Him. It is not so with ours." Many priests provided the Communion wine, and offered their "vasa sacra" for the Protestant Communion rite, and in Hungary especially they were usually present at the services. At one place "the three Roman Catholic clergymen were present, and one of them did not hesitate to lead me to the altar and the pulpit in his ecclesiastical robes," which must have had rather an odd effect. We are even told that "often the Roman Catholic soldiers presented themselves to take part in the Protestant sacrament, when there was no priest of their own persuasion at hand." In one church the priest said mass at the altar, while the Protestant chaplain was preaching before the rails, and observed afterwards, "We have each served God in our own way. Combined churches are not uncommon, but I think this combined service will not easily be matched." We should think not. There were, of course, indications of an opposite feeling in some places. But it strikes us that Mr. Rogge, who is so ready to praise the liberality or dispraise the bigotry, as the case may be, of the Catholic clergy, seems to have a pretty strong view of his own about the importance of "the minor differences" when any theological tenet comes into question. It is not, perhaps, unnatural that he should exult a little over the singing of Luther's famous hymn, *Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott*, "in a building decorated with pictures of St. Dominic or of Ignatius Loyola"; but is it not a little strong to say that, when the troops were assembled for worship in the market-place of a Bohemian town, with a statue of the Virgin Mary or of St. John Nepomuck in the centre, they were "reminded of Paul's sermon at Athens before the altar of the unknown God"? The story of St. John Nepomuck's martyrdom happens, indeed, to be fabulous, though Mr. Rogge may not know that; but the wholesale charge of idolatry which his words imply comes rather oddly among "minor differences." At another place we are pointedly informed that "while the Roman Catholic priests were administering absolution and the extreme unction, he (the Protestant chaplain) was going from bed to bed, and declaring out of the Gospel the only way of salvation through Christ," which sounds again like a pretty broad intimation of the value of their minor differences.

But whatever may be the author's view about Roman Catholics, the Ritualists, if they are not above taking a hint from so very Protestant a quarter, may derive some crumbs of comfort from his pages. One statement, we must confess, has rather puzzled us, where a Roman Catholic priest in Bohemia was much edified to find that "everything written in the service-book of the Evangelical Church was contained in the missal." We had certainly thought the service-book consisted almost exclusively of a large number of—mostly very spirited—German hymns, but which certainly are not to be found anywhere in the missal. But he can hardly be mistaken about the necessary outfit of the chap-

lains for public worship, which consisted of "a complete set of Communion plate, an altar cloth, a crucifix and two candlesticks," the crucifix and candlesticks being of cast-iron, but the latter were "practically useless, because at an open-air service the lights would rarely burn." Not only were lighted candles part of the paraphernalia for Communion, but "it was found highly convenient to be plentifully supplied with wafers, which were found more convenient in the field than the bread used at other times." And a similar argument of practical convenience for communion in one kind may perhaps be derived from the remark that it was often very difficult to obtain a sufficiency of wine, even by levying forced contributions on the inhabitants, and impossible to carry it without having a special waggon for the purpose. "At one celebration of the Lord's Supper, which was held in front of Königshof, two days before the battle of Königgrätz, nearly eighty bottles of wine were used."

The whole staff of Protestant military chaplains in Prussia is organized under the superintendence of a Chaplain-General, who resides at the capital, and the arrangement differs materially from that adopted in the Austrian army, where the chaplains are attached to particular regiments, and therefore, it is thought, less respected among the men. We have heard, indeed, of another reason for this in the very questionable character of many of the Austrian army chaplains. Mr. Rogge thus explains the distinction:—

In Prussia they do not have regimental chaplains, as is the case in many other countries, because this would necessitate a very great increase in their number, and would lead to inconvenience, on account of the mixture of creeds among the men. The sphere of operation is, therefore, extended, and the chaplains are placed upon the staff of the division, an arrangement which at the same time renders them more independent of the colonels of the regiments, and gives them a greater authority and influence both over the officers and men. The Austrians adopt the other system; and one of their priests, in the course of conversation with a Prussian military chaplain, attributed the little respect which was paid to them by the Austrian army to their position as mere regimental officers, in consequence of which those colonels who were not seriously disposed held them in contempt, and the men under them naturally followed the example of their superior.

It was found necessary, however, to reinforce the regular staff by a large supply of volunteers, and 35,635 thalers were subscribed and forwarded for this purpose to the Minister for Spiritual Affairs from the various churches of Prussia, from which a considerable reserve fund remained over at the close of the war. Mr. Rogge himself considers that a considerable increase of the regular staff is desirable, raising it to about double its original numbers, and thus giving eight ministers to each corps, and 96 to the whole army, which is thus divided into twelve corps. This would require, he adds, a further outlay of 50,000 thalers. Whether the suggestion has now been adopted is not stated, but it is based on the opinions officially communicated by the chaplains to the Chaplain-General of the Forces, after the close of the last war. The outfit also was thought to require some modifications.

Those who look for anything like a consecutive narrative, or even for separate sketches of the Prussian campaign of 1866, in this volume, will be disappointed. It is almost wholly confined to the strictly ministerial experiences of the author and his clerical colleagues, and these, as was observed before, are largely interspersed with pious or controversial reflections. The chapters are arranged under such titles as the Chaplain's "Outfit," "Public Worship," "the Lord's Supper," "Opportunities of Preaching," and the like. Several brief anecdotes are introduced of somewhat monotonous hue, chiefly tending to exhibit the devoutness of the soldiers and the zeal of the chaplains, but there is no attempt at giving a lifelike picture either of "the Battle-field," which stands at the head of one chapter, or "the Hospitals." The two chapters on the latter subject are perhaps the most interesting in the book, though we desiderate a more skilful delineation to bring the scene vividly before us. The spiritual care of all the hospitals was placed under the inspectorship of Pastor Weikert, who fixed his head-quarters at Königshof.

It is satisfactory to learn that in the hospitals perfect harmony prevailed between the Catholic and Protestant chaplains, and that the Sisters "attended the sick with most self-sacrificing love, even reading Protestant books to Protestant soldiers, while the Knights of St. John assisted the chaplain in his spiritual charge." There is a quaint naturalness in the following extract from the letter of a wounded soldier to his "beloved parents, brothers and sisters," ringing the changes on the spiritual and bodily consolations of his state. It is indeed one of the most natural touches in the book:—

I am very much better already—I have scarcely any pain now. God will, perhaps, out of His great grace and mercy, restore me to full vigour again. I have now all I can desire: a bed, two coverlets, good sugar, two cups of chocolate daily, as well as bouillon, ham, plums, if I wish them, and milk every afternoon, so that I do not want anything more; wine, beer, and cigars, which the others have, I do not grudge, as I dare not enjoy them. Again I add, dear parents, I am doing well. I live happily with my dear Lord God now. Once it was going very badly with me, and I thought that my end was near. Then the Lord sent me His servant, who administered the Lord's Supper to me, and directed me to Christ.

A burial service of some kind was never omitted if it could be helped. The usual form consisted of a verse of a chorale accompanied by the band, after which the chaplain, "in his vestments if possible," pronounced the invocation of the Trinity, and threw three handfuls of earth into the grave, with the words, "Dust thou art and to dust thou shalt return," and then delivered a short address, followed by a prayer and the benediction. In one place the Roman Catholic gravedigger took a strange way of marking the

distinction between his co-religionists and the Protestants, by turning all the graves of the latter with their faces towards the west, saying he was instructed to bury "the Christians" in one way and the rest the other way. Such instances, however, are said to have been quite the exception. Attempts have been made subsequently to identify the graves and supply them with monumental crosses of wood or iron. It is a curious coincidence that many of the engagements took place in the vicinity of historical battle-fields, so that memories of different epochs are blended in the resting-places of the dead. A large iron cross commemorates the burial of 136 Prussians in the cemetery of Paasdorf, a village near Austerlitz, which was specially assigned to the military in the French invasions of 1805 and 1809, and thus "the heroes of Königgrätz and Sadowa lie beside the victors of Austerlitz." It is to be hoped their living descendants may be able to devise the means of resting side by side as peacefully.

HARTT'S GEOLOGY OF BRAZIL.*

THOUGH coming before the public under the general title of *Scientific Results of a Journey in Brazil*, under the auspices of Professor Agassiz, it must be understood that the work we have to notice as the *Geology and Physical Geography of Brazil* is due to the sole and undivided labour of Professor Ch. F. Hartt, of Cornell University. It is the result of two journeys into that vast and little known country. In the first of these the author went as an attaché to the Thayer expedition, under the direction of the Nestor of American naturalists, in the years 1865 and 1866. On this journey he studied carefully the geology and physical geography of the coast between Rio and Bahia, making, with the help of his travelling companion, Mr. E. Copeland of Boston, an extensive collection of marine invertebrates and fishes, which have since received valuable illustration and comment at the hands of scientific men in various departments, prolonged ill health having kept back the expected communication of Professor Agassiz on the fishes of Brazil. A general sketch of Mr. Hartt's extensive course of travel, on horseback and in canoe, was published in the *Journey in Brazil*. The attraction of his studies of the stone and coral reefs, together with the various physical features of the country, led him the year following to devote his vacation of several months to examining minutely the coast between Pernambuco and Rio, exploring more particularly the vicinity of Bahia and the islands and coral reefs of the Abrolhos. In return for the liberal support accorded by friends to the expenses of the expedition, and the hospitality everywhere lavished upon him throughout the land of the Sabiá, it became his ambition to be instrumental to some extent in removing false impressions generally current about a land he had learnt to love, and in making the resources of the Brazilian Empire better known in America and elsewhere. Instead of a mere report of his explorations as a geologist, his work has grown, through the intermediate study of previous works relating to Brazil, into a volume of a wider and more comprehensive kind. We cannot say that his book is likely to prove very attractive to the ordinary reader. The faculty of artistic perception or picturesque illustration is too evidently subordinated in the writer's mind to the habit of close observation and the dry record of facts. Neither in the distribution of the work nor in the filling in of each separate department do we meet that power of grasping nature in her broader aspects, or that graphic way of making her truth and beauty palpable as it were to the very sense of the reader, in which consists the charm of our masterpieces of scientific travel. His pages have nevertheless, for a severer class of students, a value of their own as a storehouse of accurate observation and judicious inference from facts conscientiously and ably brought together.

Professor Hartt in his prefatory note exposes the whimsical mistake of Captain Burton in talking of "the Brazil." "I do not call the country 'Brazil,' which she does not, nor does any other nation but our own." It is true that the Portuguese say "o Brazil," but equally true that they say "a Inglaterra, a França, a Paraguay," just as we have in French "la France, le Brésil." This is nothing more than the difference between Romance and English idiom. "The Brazils," though still occasionally in present use, is in fact an anachronism, the expression properly holding good only between 1572 and 1576, when the country was divided into two governments. The origin and earliest application of the name "Brazil" are, it is well known, wrapped in considerable mystery. Our author has not much to add to what Humboldt found to say upon the subject of its history and etymology. In Italian maps from 1351 to 1459 the name of *Bracie, Brazil, Berzil*, is applied to one or more of the islands of the Açores, and more particularly to a point in the island of Terceira which still bears the name. For three centuries before the discovery of the Cape route to India there was known in Europe a dyewood called *bresil, brasilly, bresili, brasiliis*, or *brasile*, which appears to have been derived from one or more East Indian species of *cæsalpina* and *pterocarpus*. It was known to Chaucer, and mention of it was found by Muratori in a treaty between Bologna and Ferrara as early as 1198. Anghiera speaks of Brazil wood, in Hayti, long before the discovery of South America; and Grynæus writes, in 1499, of its being seen at Paria (Payra). It was beyond doubt the abundance

of red dyewood (brazo) found in this part of continental America which caused the name of Terra de Santa Cruz, given by Pedro Alvarez Cabral, to be changed by the Portuguese into the Terra de Brazil—"changement," says the historiographer Barros, "inspiré par le démon, car le vilain bois qui teint le drap en rouge ne vaut pas le sang versé pour notre salut."

The geological character most generally prevalent throughout Brazil is that of beds of gneiss, varying from schistose to coarse-grained and porphyritic, or homogeneous and granitic. Though much of this rock might as a mere specimen be pronounced simply granite, Professor Hartt never failed to find the large masses stratified, consisting evidently of metamorphic sedimentary deposits. In the province of Rio these rocks are of great thickness, and the Terra do Mar and the Terra da Mantiqueira are wholly composed of them. They were long ago recognised by Elie de Beaumont as among the very oldest stratified series of the globe. Comparing the Brazilian gneisses with the Laurentian rocks of Canada and Europe, Professor Hartt found such strong resemblances, in lithological character and the system of upheaval, that he saw no difficulty in referring them to the eozic period. A subsequent examination of the specimens brought home by him enabled Dr. Sterry Hunt strongly to confirm this opinion. The white crystalline limestone with pale green serpentine intermixed which occurs in these gneisses from Brazil is not distinguishable, writes Dr. Hunt, from the Laurentian of North America. Some of the mica schists connected with the series may be referred to Lower Silurian or Cambrian. Along the coast of the province of Bahia there are dioritic gneisses in series, and on the São Francisco and elsewhere we find syenites. The depth of these beds is hard to determine, owing to the thickness of the overlying drift, with its dense forest growth; and the numerous reversed folds, as in Canada and elsewhere, interrupt the stratigraphy of these rocks. One may travel for miles over the surface of the Brazilian gneisses, finding them always inclined, and dipping the same way. The highlands of Venezuela and Guiana, bounding the Amazonian valley on the north, largely composed of gneiss similar to that of Brazil, and disturbed by the same upheaval, as has been remarked by Humboldt, D'Orbigny, Agassiz, and others, doubtless formed an island at the opening of the paleozoic time. The high range of Brazil formed another island, while another was probably formed by the Chiquitos system of gneiss to the southwest. The Silurian and Devonian rocks had been previously examined by Mr. M. D. Forbes and Mr. Salter, with whose observations Professor Hartt's description of the strata fully coincides. He refers to the triassic group a thick series of red sandstones occupying a large area of the province of Sergipe and underlying the cretaceous series, lithologically identical with the new red of the Connecticut river and New Jersey. But he found no trap connected with them, nor did he see any rocks on the Brazilian coast referable to the Jurassic age. It is to be inferred from this that during the Jurassic period the coast, like that of Eastern North America, stood higher than at present. The cretaceous rocks are unknown on the coast south of the Abrolhos, which our author takes to be outlines of this formation. These islands are such as to yield a number of curious and interesting observations. Superficially covered with guano, they are composed principally of sandstone shales and trap, dipping approximately N.N.W. at an angle of 10° or 15°. Professor Hartt's section shows the position of the sedimentary strata, over all which has been poured a bed of basaltic trap, now extensively decomposed and rounded into irregular spheres like cannon-balls. The cracks and crevices are largely filled up with bird's-dung, from which has filtrated a hard brownish substance incrusting the rocks, and strongly phosphoric, identical with the substance observed by Mr. Darwin upon the rocks at Ascension and St. Paul's. On the shores of Santa Barbara, the largest of the Abrolhos, fragments of pumice were found scattered about and much rolled by waves, the origin of which much puzzled our author. The pumice pebbles found on the coast at Bahia Blanca, in the southern part of the Argentine Republic, were brought down, Mr. Darwin thought, by the rivers flowing from the Cordillera. The beaches of the Abrolhos are formed in part of the debris of the rocks which compose the islands, but more largely of coral and shell sand cemented together by the action of the sea into masses of exceeding hardness. At the south-west extremity of Santa Barbara is a singular little islet of trap boulders joined to the main island by a fringing coral reef. This islet, whitened by the bird-dung, is called "O Cemeterio," the frigate bird having for ages resorted hither to lay its bones. No better station could be found, writes Professor Hartt, for an ornithologist desirous of studying the habits and embryology of the sea-birds of Brazil. The lighthouse established there a few years ago offers him as comfortable lodgings as he could desire. His own copious notes upon the birds as well as the fishes of this region show how well our author has carried his recommendation into practice. In an economical point of view the results of his inquiries may be turned to no slight advantage if allowed their proper weight in the policy of the country or in the enterprises of its capitalists. In the case, for instance, of the coal deposits of Bahia, said to have been worked by direction of Government at the beginning of the century, and to have been authenticated by the discoveries of Von Martius, we find Professor Hartt wholly incredulous as to the existence of beds of any value whatever. The so-called rich beds of *blätters Kohl* near the mouth of the Itapagipe, and of a fine brown coal near the city of Bahia, have been found by Dr. Parizot to be lignite. To this gentleman is due the discovery of the really promising coal mines of Rio

* *Scientific Results of a Journey in Brazil*. By Louis Agassiz and his Travelling Companions. *Geology and Physical Geography of Brazil*. By Ch. Fred. Hartt, Professor of Geology in Cornell University. Boston: Fields, Osgood, & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1870.

Grande do Sul, of which an interesting report is given in the volume before us by Mr. Plant, who has for years been engaged in exploring the basins of the province with a view of having them worked by a company. In the frontispiece is shown the manner in which these beds are superimposed, cropping out in a bold inclined bluff, suited for easy working and transport, at a place called Sierra Partida, on the banks of the river Candiota.

Between the lowest coal seam and the sandstone bed is a thick band of ironstone shale, not only of great scientific interest on the score of its wealth in organic remains of the secondary period, but of immense commercial value as a treasure-house of metallic ore which only awaits the working to form an addition of inestimable importance to the resources of the country. Below this again is a fine crystalline limestone, traversed by veins of a very pure carbonate of lime in the form of double-refracting spar, which will not only be of great value for manufacturing into lime, but also as a flux in smelting the iron ores. Scarcely anywhere else in any part of the globe is there to be found, observes our author, such a combination of the three elements essential to the formation of smelting works—the ore, the fuel, and the flux. Professor Hartt closes his work with an interesting sketch of the history and prospects of the gold mines of Brazil. Discouraging as are the general reports of progress—two only out of all the gold mines, Morro Velho and Maquiné, having paid—he is far from joining in the belief that the auriferous wealth of Brazil is exhausted. There are, he is of opinion, surface deposits of gold which with modern appliances could still be successfully worked, while the underground riches of the country are almost untouched.

Loyal as he is to the authority of his illustrious chief, Professor Hartt has too much independence of thought as well as devotion to truth not to correct or supplement the views of Agassiz where the facts of nature seem to him to call for a different interpretation. An instance of this occurs in discussing the origin and stratigraphy of the various formations which occupy the Amazonian valley. Agassiz was of opinion that the whole valley of the Amazon was formed at the end of the cretaceous period, which has left traces of deposits in the province of Ceará and on the Upper Purús. During the tertiary age, he considered, the Amazonian region was above water, and the sandstones and clays which now fill it are the drift of an enormous glacier covering the entire region. Even before he knew anything of Agassiz's conclusions Professor Hartt's observations had satisfied him that the sandstone and clays of the Amazonas, being stratified, were of marine origin, and older than the drift clays which overspread them. Of the existence of the great tertiary sheet which once covered the whole Brazilian plateau he has, however, no manner of doubt, nor does his difference from Agassiz at all affect that great savant's theory of the action of glaciers in breaking up and decomposing this vast rock formation. Startling as the hypothesis of glaciation under the tropics, extending down to the sea, may have appeared on its promulgation, it has been satisfactorily shown by its distinguished author that neither subaerial decomposition, nor wave-action during either the subsidence or the elevation of the coast lands, can account for this enormous extent of degradation, with the resulting deposit of detritus. Professor Hartt's minute and careful observations have set the seal to this admirable series of inductions. Though indisputable evidence of striation was nowhere forthcoming, there was proof enough, in the extensive distribution of moraines and the occasional recurrence of boulders among the drift, to make it clear that the great agent in bringing about the present superficial aspect of the country was glacier ice. By his able and careful compilation Professor Hartt has done much to crown the edifice of science which was founded and upreared by his eminent leader in the exploration of Brazil.

LORNA DOONE.*

BETWEEN books so bad that they must be gibbeted for the benefit of the writing race, as farmers nail up kites and jays on barn-doors as a warning to their thievish companions, and books so well-meaning and so weak that they are unfit for either blame or praise, a reviewer's work is seldom pleasant. For undoubtedly the great proportion of the light literature poured out in this present day is of an inferior and worthless kind, and in the mingled flood of absolute evil and negative merit it is rare to light upon a book of positive value, tender and yet strong, warm but kept wholesome and pure, stirring and not sensational. We have such a book in *Lorna Doone*, which, though we do not pretend to rank it with the acknowledged masterpieces of fiction, is one of real excellence, and of a class not common among us. It is a story founded on the old "nurse-tales of Exmoor," contained in the traditions concerning John Ridd, "of the parish of Oare, in the county of Somerset, yeoman and churchwarden," or, as the author puts it in his preface, "the savage deeds of the outlaw Doones in the depth of Bagworthy Forest, the beauty of the hapless maid brought up in the midst of them, the plain John Ridd's herculean power, and (memory's too congenial food) the exploits of Tom Faggus"—Faggus being, as many of our readers may know, a noted highwayman of his day, whose strawberry mare Winnie, rivaling Dick Turpin's Black Bess, was not, however, quite the clever witch Mr. Blackmore has painted her. The story is told in the form of an autobiography, in which we think that the

author has created an unnecessary difficulty. It is almost impossible to keep either diction or mode of thought quite in harmony with times dating back two centuries; and yet the temptation is great, both for the quaintness and colour given by the manner of speech supposed to be in use then, and for the charm of the apparently unconscious self-revelation implied in those little touches which are impossible in any but the autobiographical form. To a non-critical reader the mode will be all that is delightful; but one of more fastidious taste and a keener eye for anachronisms will often wish that John Ridd's phraseology had not been quite so much like our own, and will wonder how he came by many a modern word which he uses with a fluent glibness incomprehensible in an unlettered yeoman of the time of Charles II.

The story opens on the 29th of November, 1673, on which day John Ridd, *ætat* 12, a big brave boy for his years, who had fought about once a week during the three years he had been at school, is fetched away by John Fry, serving man at home, to learn that his father had just been murdered by the Doones of Bagworthy. As his last feat John Ridd has to fight a big boy, one Robin Snell. In this fight he gives the keynote of his character and of the future story by his candid confession that, if not exactly afraid, yet he was anxiously wishing he had it not to do, though determined not to give in. At first he fights wildly, not yet come to his courage or his eyesight; then he goes in more warily, according to the instructions of the "clever boy" on whose knee he sits as second; and then when John Fry comes up and whispers to him, just before the third round, "Never thee knock under, Jan, or never coom naigh Hexmoor again," he sets both fists again, and his heart sticks to him like cobbler's wax, and, determined that Robin Snell shall kill him or that he shall conquer Robin Snell, he fears him and spares him not, neither spares himself, and though he knows not the rest, it comes about that he has the end of it, and helps to put Robin to bed.

The character of John Ridd himself is the chief point of interest in the book, and the author has shown much cleverness in the way in which he makes him reveal himself. He is painted as a shrewd, unlearned man, honest, single-minded, and straightforward, possessed of herculean strength and size, yet as tender as the typical strong man should be. He is as brave as a lion, but with none of the blind ferocity of courage—indeed, not ashamed to confess as a man what he confessed as a boy, that his heart "goes up and down," and that he dislikes his position horribly when he is so placed that he cannot act or defend himself, and must simply trust to chance not to be discovered and murdered without the possibility of resistance; faithful to his high-born love from first to last and through all circumstances, and reverencing her as deeply as he loves her; unconscious of his own worth, and humbly depreciating himself for the further exaltation of Lorna, yet every now and then showing a sturdy spirit of self-assertion when lighter brains wish to rank him as a clod, and the slowness of his natural wits, long in getting ideas but hard in holding them, is counted to him as a reason why quicker men, shallower and less honest, should lord it over him, and either patronize him or snub him as they may be inclined. But even then he shows neither littleness nor petulance; and the patience and calmness and quiet depth of his nature are as manifest in his displeasure as in his courage and his love. The character of Lorna too is very beautiful, if more ideal, and therefore impossible; and her constancy to her faithful, slow-going yeoman, who divides his time between her and his beasts, and dwells on his passion while plodding between his furrows, is very tenderly worked out. That she should love him when he was her sole hope of salvation from the lawless men among whom she lived—nominally as their "little queen," in fact as their prisoner—was natural enough; but that she should go on loving him after she had been a year in London, and had learnt the secret of her own rank and birth, tasting the sweets of flattery and the pleasures of the town, was almost more than could be expected. Yet, charming as she is, if we were inclined to take grave exception to anything in the book, it would be to this very character of Lorna; not because it is not beautiful, but because it is not natural. She is as purely imaginary, as purely unreal from the point of view of humanity, as one of Moore's angels or Arab girls. She is one of those creatures, much delighted in by romancists, who are independent of education, and owe nothing to training; one of those self-perfecting, self-sufficing women who grow up pure, refined, and accomplished in the midst of vice, vulgarity, and neglect; and on whom outside conditions have no kind of effect, and spiritual tendencies are the sole modifying forces. Brought up in the depths of Glen Doone, where her only companions are a set of outlawed miscreants, she is yet one of the sweetest and most refined gentlewomen the age could produce; cultured and delicate, and essentially aristocratic. She is taught nothing, yet she knows all; she is not even taught the useful domestic work which was held as natural then for all gentlewomen to know and practise as for a gentleman to manage a rapier and know the politest mode of the duello. And herein the pseudo John Ridd betrays his nineteenth-century education and tone of thought by putting forth her pretty uselessness as one of the charms of her ladyhood, and one of its proofs; the real John Ridd would have lamented it as a blot on her womanhood, for ignorance of home duties was not then held a grace, but a defect. The contrast between her ideal sweetness and John's stout material honesty is very well put; yet if she had been the conventional lady Mr. Blackmore paints her, she could scarcely, in spite of all the worth of the man, have loved the horny-handed farmer as she did, or have chosen to pass her life in that rough Somersetshire

* *Lorna Doone: a Romance of Exmoor.* By R. D. Blackmore, Author of "Craddock Nowell," &c. 1 vol. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston.

home where was nothing to delight her taste or feed her intellect, and the pleasures of which she could not enjoy, any more than she could perform its duties. "All for love and the world well lost," truly; but there must be some kind of harmony between the lover and the beloved. If the picture given us is to be believed, there was no more equality or likeness between John Ridd and Lorna Doone than there would be at this present time between an earl's daughter and a proprietor farmer whose education stopped when he was twelve years old, and whose greatest gift went into the best-drawn furrow and the mightiest pile of cleared stones. These things, however, must not be taken realistically. They are meant to be typical rather than actual, and to symbolize constancy on the one hand, and the natural union of grace with strength on the other, love binding all together; and so we take it here.

We much like the description of the cheery, honest English home where John Ridd was the blameless master, with his soft-hearted buxom mother as mistress, while sister Annie, with all her bright hair falling round her, cooked rashers and pasties as no one else could; and sister Lizzie, book-learned, sharp-faced and sharp-tempered too, seasoned her wit with spite, and cared little whose sore place she chafed if only she might chafe some one's. A welcome for all, and as much good meat as they could carry away, plenty, if in a somewhat rough and untrimmed form, and a ruddy warmth in the whole atmosphere, material and spiritual, were the features of John Ridd's farm at Oare; and we count Mr. Blackmore's description of the home-life led by the sturdy yeoman and his family as among his most successful efforts. The savage Doones too are well described. A wild and lawless set they were, living in the depths of Bagworthy Forest, whence they sallied as they had occasion, robbing whom they listed, and murdering man, woman, and child when their blood was up. It was "was work" for the country round when "Dunkery Beacon" was alight; for though it had been instituted as a beacon for the safety of the general neighbourhood, it was never lighted now save to show the Doones their way home, since they threw the watchman on the top when its light had incommoded them. When Dunkery Beacon was alight now the neighbours knew the Doones had been out; and each man blessed God that he had escaped, while waiting to hear on the morrow whose wife was now a widow, whose children fatherless, and whose homestead a blackened mass of ashes for the visit the outlaws paid last night. Exiles, felons, and outlaws since 1640—no one exactly knew why, for there were two stories—the Doones had taken to robbery for their living; and it was a trade for which nature had eminently fitted them:—

There was not one among them but was a mighty man, straight and tall, and wide, and fit to lift four hundredweight. If son or grandson of old Doone, or one of the northern retainers, failed at the age of twenty, while standing on his naked feet, to touch with his forehead the lintel of Sir Ensor's door, and to fill the door-frame with his shoulders from side-post even to side-post, he was led away to the narrow pass which made their valley so desperate, and thrust from the crown with ignominy, to get his own living honestly. Now the measure of that doorway is, or rather was, I ought to say, six feet and one inch lengthwise, and two feet all but two inches taken crosswise in the clear. Yet I not only have heard, but know, being so closely mixed with them, that no descendant of old Sir Ensor, neither relative of his (except, indeed, the old Counsellor, who was kept by them for his wisdom), and no more than two of their following, ever failed of that test, and relapsed to the difficult ways of honesty.

John himself, however, drew ahead of this; for he says that, if he had been put into that door-frame at the age of twenty, like enough he would have walked away with it on his shoulders, though he was not come to his full strength then. Also they were taught all manner of cunning tricks as well as all manner of dexterous ones; so that what with skill, strength, daring, and savagery the Doones of Glen Doone, felon outlaws all of them, were by no means desirable neighbours, and the country suffered for their settlement down in that impregnable valley as a colony of hedge-birds suffers when a family of kites settles in the crags over-head. How John and Lorna circumvented these murderous villains; how John indeed ventured into the very heart of their den again and again, at the peril of his life if he were discovered, and only escaping discovery by the merest chance; how he stole from them their queen under their very eyes; and how one of them in particular sought revenge, and just missed his aim though he almost shot true; how a terrible retribution came upon all the sinners when the peasantry at last rose against them and rooted them out from their accursed stronghold—all these and others are the more exciting parts of the narrative, where the reader at times holds his breath, so graphically yet so simply does John Ridd tell his tale. Indeed, he tells his tale well all through, and, whether it is love or war, exposition of character or the artistic description of scenes and places, *Lorna Doone* is a work of real excellence, and as such we heartily commend it to the public.

WHITE'S SKETCHES FROM AMERICA.*

THIS addition to the voluminous literature of English travel in America is very superior to most works of its class. The author is an intelligent observer, who has taken considerable pains to be well informed upon many interesting political questions; and, which is a rarer merit, he speaks only upon those subjects on which he is well informed. He writes in an agreeable style, and is content to be far more modest in his opinions than some gentlemen who have penetrated to the bottom of American politics in the course of a six weeks' tour. It is perhaps owing

* *Sketches from America.* By John White, Fellow of Queen's College, Oxford. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1870.

to this diffidence that he has made no direct use of the greater part of his journeys, though we learn incidentally that he has visited most of the States, with the exception of California. He confines himself exclusively to his impressions upon three distinct points. The first and most elaborate part of the volume consists of an essay upon Canada; and to this we will presently return. The last few pages relate to the Irish in America, and are intended chiefly to correct some of the extravagances of Mr. Maguire's very enthusiastic account of his countrymen. The intervening chapter contains a spirited description of a journey which he took to the Far West with an excursion party of American journalists, who in 1867 undertook an inspection of the Union Pacific Railway. This is probably the chapter which will be most to the taste of the ordinary reader; and we do not mean to insinuate that the ordinary reader will be far wrong. It contains some very graphic pictures of the strange peculiarities of the inhabitants of that most interesting country; and we may safely say that we do not remember any account which gives us a more lively and faithful impression of their manners and customs. It is always animated, and, without falling into the startling scene-painting of Mr. Hepworth Dixon, enables us to realize in the most vivid manner the true nature of the rough Western population. We must, however, content ourselves with selecting one or two picturesque touches bearing upon a single point—namely, the sentiments entertained towards the rapidly vanishing Indians. In a romantic region known as Virginia Dale there lives a comely young woman whose charms have been rapturously celebrated by many American tourists, and have attracted many travellers to the inn over which she presides. Here Mr. White heard a Western man, "of unusually civilized aspect," propounding a plan for the improvement of the Indians. It was, shortly stated, to collect blankets from small-pox hospitals, and place them in the way of the noble savage, so that the contagion might be spread as rapidly and widely as possible. As the said savages "don't know a thing of medical treatment," they would probably take every step likely to increase the violence of the disease. Mr. White was curious to remark how the lady would take this humane suggestion. She evidently felt it to be objectionable, and explained her disapproval by observing, "Guess I shouldn't much like to have the carrying of those blankets!" To explain one other significant expression of feeling, we must say, by way of preface, for our readers are perhaps ignorant of this little bit of contemporary history, that not long ago a band of volunteers from the State of Colorado, under the command of a clergyman called Chivington, attacked an Indian village at a place called Sand Creek, and then there massacred every man, woman, and child. The propriety of this proceeding had excited some discussion, as people in the Eastern States disapproved of its uncompromising rigour. A certain General S—, in command of a Western fort, took occasion, in Mr. White's hearing, to point out that, if the war were confined, as it ought to be, to the regular troops, no more would be heard of such horrors, and expressed his intention to a large meeting of carrying out a decided policy in this sense. Hereupon arose a fiery young enthusiast, and delivered an eloquent speech, applauded by his fellow-citizens to the echo. Its purport may be inferred from a sentence or two, which we may quote as an illustration of the prevailing sentiment in Colorado. After some defiant remarks, he exclaimed:—

"You may say what you like and do what you like; we will exterminate the red devils in spite of you. I tell you I know what Indians are, and that man to man is the only way to fight them. Helpless creatures are they? It is no such sport to fight with Indians as you—you gentlemen of the regular army—want to teach us Western men who have fought with Indians all our lives. I tell you that the she-devils are as ill to fight as the men. The squaws fought us at Sand Creek battle, the wickedest by far of the two. Colonel Chivington is as brave a man as ever lived, whom nobody would dare to defame before his face; and while I am here nobody shall dare to defame the man, even behind his back."

General S—, we are told, was wise enough to let the matter drop, without saying another word.

We must return, however, to Mr. White's views upon Canada; and we will simply state them, or rather give some of his more prominent opinions, without entering upon any discussion of their merits. He speaks candidly and temperately, and his opinions are at least deserving of some attention. His accounts of the French population, of the mode in which the feudal tenures were abolished, and of the disestablishment of the Church, are in many ways interesting; but a matter of more immediate practical importance is the question of annexation. On the whole, Mr. White may perhaps be described as an annexationist, regarding it, however, less as a desirable consummation than as the inevitable result to which things are gradually tending. The Canadians, indeed, are in a certain sense more English than the English themselves; but the sense is a very limited one. They have a stronger sense of theoretical loyalty than their fellow-subjects whose illusions are not intensified by the magical effects of distance. In most respects, however, the Canadian of British origin is, according to Mr. White, a kind of mean term between the Englishman and the American. How far the solid, steady-going English type is likely to be preserved in Canada, and to form a permanent distinction between them and their restless nervous neighbours, is a question for speculation. There is, however, an amply sufficient reason for the present prevalence of the British type, without calling in the aid of theories about climatic or political influences, in the simple fact that four-thirteenths or nearly one-third of the existing population of Upper Canada were

born in the British islands. In spite of this, there is a perceptible and rapid tendency to Americanization amongst the inhabitants of the more remote settlements where the natural features of the country throw the lines of communication towards the States rather than towards the English colonies. Against the dislike to absorption of the French part of the population must be set the opposite tendencies of the Irish. Mr. White is sceptical as to the loyalty of the Irish Canadians, upon which so much stress has been laid. He admits that the Irishman in Canada is less hostile to English rule than the Irishman across the frontier; but he declares his impression to be that, "as a class, they feel no affection to the English tie, and are anxious for annexation to the States." The opinion must go for what it is worth; and we need not point out the obvious commercial considerations upon which Mr. White dwells, and the bearing of such geographical facts as this, that whereas Montreal and Quebec are respectively 297 and 317 miles distant from Portland by the present line of rail, they would be distant from Halifax, the nearest British port always open to navigation, about 685 and 858 miles respectively by the proposed inter-colonial route.

There is another consideration of a less obvious kind upon which Mr. White dwells at greater length. He sees little danger to the existing order of things in any of the ordinary topics of disagreement; but he thinks that "the general want of steadiness and a settled fixity in British-American politics" is a more ominous symptom. Rapid changes of sentiment, he says, follow every fluctuation in prosperity. "We are as loyal to the British connexion as ever just now," said certain Upper Canadians; "things are looking up. When business is dull and the lumber trade slack, that's the time when we look to the States." The Canadians, he thinks, regard annexation as "a great card always reserved in their hand," to be played on some critical emergency. The change might bring with it obvious material advantages, and at some special moment these may present overwhelming temptations. He appeals to the history of Canadian institutions to strengthen this inference. It has been a history of disputes and deadlocks. Pitt in 1791 divided the province into two colonies, "in order to avoid dissensions." The plan utterly failed, and after many agitations they were united in 1840, in order to see if union would put a stop to dissensions. Then came the troubles produced by the "double majority" principle, or the principle that a Ministry must maintain a majority of representatives from both provinces. When another deadlock was produced by the impracticability of working this complex machinery, the present Dominion was set up, in the hopes that the prestige of the great federation would overwhelm minor jealousies. The experiment is still being tried, and upon its success, according to Mr. White, depends the future of Canada. Nothing is more certain, said Mr. Galt in 1868, "than that the moment this confederation is found to be a failure, that moment the last hope of a separate national existence for Canada is at an end, and they must look forward to gravitating into the neighbouring Republic." Mr. White apparently endorses this sentiment, and thinks, moreover, that the Dominion will be a failure. The great fault which he finds with Canadian politics is of a nature to strengthen his disbelief in their permanent independence. As compared with the United States, he says, Canadian politicians are far less corrupt, and more eminent men come to the front; but the politics are parochial rather than national. In both countries it is a misfortune that the most refined and educated classes stand aloof from the practical warfare of politics. But whereas in America the mere vastness of the interests at stake, and the importance of the principles in conflict, forces all intelligent men to take a keen interest in political questions, though they may not directly interfere, the cultivated classes in Canada are apt to regard the whole business as beneath their notice. The state of politics in Canada, our author says, "neither manifests nor encourages a healthy public spirit, and it is just the want of such a spirit that makes the weak point in Canada's political condition as compared with that of the Union." The question is whether a more worthy spirit will be fostered by the existence of an imposing federation; and whether the separate sections of the country will each be wrapped up in its own petty affairs, and be gradually attracted into the vortex of the more exciting politics of their great neighbour. Mr. White is not hopeful; or, we should rather say, he seems to consider the most hopeful solution to consist in the absorption of the Canadian Dominion. The maintenance of the British Empire is, in his eyes, an object worthy only of those whose time is gone by, "the sentimentalists of politics." We do not here, as we have said, express any opinion on the soundness of these principles, but we are willing to admit that Mr. White puts the matter forcibly from his own point of view, and that his opinions deserve the dispassionate consideration of those who differ from him most completely.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

IT is always difficult to give English readers a satisfactory account of French poetry. The metre, the rhythm, and the general structure of the lines are so contrary to our habits, that the most harmonious stanzas must often sound to us as an unmeaning, unaccountable jingle; and the reader is apt to wonder what a Frenchman's notions of music can be when he admires the tirades of Racine or the lyrics of Jean-Baptiste Rousseau. Hence it follows that whilst M. Victor Hugo's *Notre-Dame de Paris* is enthusiastically lauded by Englishmen, his *Orientales* and his *Feuilles*

d'Automne—the exquisite poetry on which his literary reputation principally rests—will ever remain unappreciated except by a small minority of cultivated minds. Thus also M. de Lamartine's flashy *Histoire des Girondins* has received the most absurd eulogy from those who have never even heard of his *Méditations poétiques* and *Jocelyn*. This fact must account for the comparative scantiness of our notices of French poetry. No doubt French verse has for some time been held cheap, and unfortunately, too, whatever works of that description have issued from the press could not be generally said to deserve even the honour of a bare mention; but still there are some exceptions, and if we have not adverted to them more frequently, it was simply because we were afraid that our remarks would to most readers convey no meaning at all.

Here are, however, several volumes of poetry which call for a brief mention. M. Blaze de Bury is an old acquaintance.* Thirty years ago, under the nom de guerre of Hans Werner, he wrote both frequently and agreeably in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and the poetical vein which flowed through *Ce que disent les Marguerites* and *Le Souper chez le Commandeur* betokened a decided fondness for German sources of inspiration. The duodecimo he now publishes, entitled *La Légende de Versailles*, is essentially French, both in subject and in sentiment; it reminds us of Madame Tastu's *Chroniques de France*, which created so much attention about the year 1829, at the time of the early *Romantique* outbreak. There is no doubt that the story of Versailles is a most interesting one, and M. Blaze de Bury has turned to the best use the traditions with which the old palace is full. From Louis XIII. to Marie-Antoinette interesting episodes occur in endless variety, and our author had nothing to do but to choose; but unfortunately he has confined his selections to the less dignified pages of history, and whilst discoursing about Madame de Montespan and Madame du Barry, he has adopted a style which is too often not only unpoetical, but positively vulgar.

M. Stephen Liégeard has on several occasions obtained prizes at the Toulouse Jeux Floraux, and he now collects in a volume† the poems to which he owes his reputation. As a fitting preface to the *recueil* we find a short historical sketch of the Collège du gay Savor. We need scarcely remind the student of French literary history that to Clémence Isaure belongs the honour of having in 1490 established the literary contests to which the name of "floral games" has been given; but it may not perhaps be so generally known that the prize flowers awarded every year to the successful competitor have increased in number from three to seven. As for M. Liégeard's poetry, although pleasing and harmonious, it is not remarkable for any of the higher qualities of genius, and it justifies the want of favour with which *la poésie de concours* is generally regarded. It is also very singular, to say the least, that out of the nineteen *maîtres des-jeux floraux* appearing on the catalogue provided by M. Liégeard only two really deserve to be called poets—M. Victor Hugo, and Madame Amable Tastu.

The *Parnasse contemporain*‡ is the name of a serial commenced some time ago for the purpose of showing that the second half of the nineteenth century has not exclusively applied itself to material interests, and that our generation still preserves some enthusiasm for literature in its highest form. Whether the undertaking has proved a success or not is more than we can say; at any rate only two *livraisons* out of the promised ten are before us, and if they may be taken as a fair specimen of what the volume was to have been, we sincerely regret that scarcely more than sixty pages have found their way to us. M. Leconte de Lisle and M. Théodore de Banville are responsible for these instalments—two of the most deservedly popular songsters of the present day. Both these writers are perhaps too fond of the mere dress of poetry, so to speak; their anxiety about points of style and rhythm goes often to the verge of exaggeration, and in this respect they are faithful upholders of the *Romantique* programme. The subject which M. de Lisle has selected as his contribution to the *Parnasse contemporain* is a quasi-Biblical one, founded upon the history of Cain. M. Théodore de Banville gives us, besides a long poem entitled *La Cithare*, a series of ballads after the style of Villon. Here, too, the merit of the work is to be looked for rather in the expression than in the ideas; and we cannot help taking this opportunity of stating our conviction that, if modern French poetry wishes to live, it must fling completely aside the puerilities of which even the author of *Les Feuilles d'Automne* set the example in some of his *Odes et Ballades*.

It would be interesting to have a collection of the various *thèses* or exercises written for the Doctor's degree during the last thirty or forty years. Many of them are really works of the highest merit; and a few, subsequently expanded by their authors, now rank amongst the best literary productions of our time. Not unfrequently it has been our duty to notice monographs of this description, and M. Couret's volume§ gives us another opportunity of reverting to this class of learned publications. The history of Palestine under the Greek Emperors (326-636) is certainly a theme well worthy of engaging the attention of a scholar, and M. Couret has done full justice to it. If we remember that the period selected includes the Arian controversy, the lives of St. Cyril and St. Jerome, the foundation of the Palestine monasteries, and the conquests of the Mahometans, we cannot

* *La Légende de Versailles*. Par H. Blaze de Bury. Paris: Lévy.

† *Le Verger d'Isaure*. Par Stephen Liégeard. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

‡ *Le Parnasse contemporain*, livraisons 1, 2. Paris: Lemerre.

§ *La Palestine sous les empereurs grecs*. Par M. Couret. Paris: Durand.

complain that *La Palestine sous les empereurs grecs* is a work devoid of incident.

One of the saddest results of the present war will be the discontinuance of many important literary undertakings which were either originated or encouraged by the French Government, and which can of course find no private supporters, whilst the scanty resources of the Treasury must be spent upon the relief of far more urgent wants. The sumptuous history of the city of Paris is interrupted at the fifth volume, and the various serials prepared under the superintendence of the Institute remain postponed *sine die*. The splendid *Voyage archéologique en Grèce et en Asie Mineure**, begun by the late M. Ph. Le Bas and taken up by M. Waddington, will no doubt share the same fate. Let us in the meanwhile mention briefly what had been achieved up to the time when all literary and scientific activity was brought to a standstill on the other side of the Channel. In the first place, M. Waddington has nearly finished a commentary on the collection of epigraphic monuments transcribed in Asia Minor, and to render this part of the work complete nothing more is wanted but a disquisition on the history of the Eastern provinces of the Empire during the Roman period. Our author has also terminated the third volume of inscriptions, giving us the texts copied in Asia Minor, in Syria, and in the islands connected with Asia. The seventy-fourth *livraison* of the whole work is out of the printer's hands, containing archeological information of the most various and important nature, beautifully printed, and bearing ample witness to the scholarship of M. Waddington and his associates. But when will the undertaking be finished?

M. Jules Levallois† calls himself a recluse; dissatisfied with the world, which is still too fond of monarchical institutions, he spends his time partly amongst his books, and chiefly in the society of ants, whose customs, mode of living, and "conversation" he appears to have thoroughly studied. The chapters relating to these creatures form the greater part of the volume before us, and the author's remarks are interspersed with bibliographical and philosophical observations which will interest the reader. The historians of ants have a section specially appropriated to themselves, due notice being taken of Latreille, Huber, and Charles Bonnet.

As we are speaking of natural history, let us mention Dr. Lacaze-Duthiers's *Archives de Zoologie expérimentale et générale*‡. The first fasciculus bears date July 1, 1870, and is consequently the promise of a work which, for the present at least, remains in abeyance. Three articles compose this pamphlet—one on the reforms required in zoological studies, by the editor; another on the natural history of the *Dero obtusa*, by Dr. Ed. Perrier; and the third on the organs of hearing in certain molluscs. Dr. Lacaze-Duthiers's chief object in founding his new journal was to point out a few modifications which he considers absolutely necessary in the sphere of zoology, and he has fully stated his principles in an introductory essay. After examining the services rendered to science by Linnaeus and by Cuvier, he shows that these two illustrious men may be considered as the representatives of two schools, each of which has had a great influence in moulding the science of zoology; he then analyses in detail the theories of M. Ch. Bernard, and criticizes them with much force.

M. Eudel du Gord has collected and published a number of interesting historical extracts referring to the reigns of the later Valois§, and illustrating principally the manners and customs of the sixteenth century. Our only regret in perusing this beautifully printed volume is that the compiler should not have restricted himself to contemporary historians, and that he should not have selected his "fragments" either from memoirs altogether *inédits*, or from printed works of rare occurrence. Varillas is an author not absolutely devoid of merit, no doubt, but his writings can be easily consulted at any good library; and in like manner it was hardly worth while to reprint documents which the collections of Petitot and Montmerqué and others have already made readily accessible. Of all epochs of modern history the sixteenth century is the one perhaps which still requires most elucidation, and surely there are still a large number of MSS. from which extracts could be taken, interesting both from an historical and a literary point of view. With these qualifications we are able to praise M. Eudel du Gord's volume, and to recommend it as a valuable contribution to historical literature.

The title which M. Rio|| has given to his new work does not exactly correspond with the contents. The *Épilogue à l'Art chrétien* is really a chapter of autobiography, embodying of course frequent references to the splendid work upon which M. Rio's reputation is founded, but the principal details are connected with the author's personal recollections. The Breton scenes described in the early part of the book are sure to be popular with all readers, and the illustrations they give of the *Chouannerie*, or Royalist movement, are extremely curious.

The *habitués* of the Hôtel de Rambouillet were in the habit of composing, under the shape of novels, really authentic narratives of the often romantic adventures which occurred in the society

amidst which they lived. The tales of Count Anthony Hamilton belong to this class of writings; Madame de la Fayette's *Princesse de Clèves* and *Princesse de Montpensier* are also well known. We are told that even members of the Royal family of France had got into the habit of writing pseudo-historical romances; thus the Prince de Conti acknowledges that he composed *un commentaire assez curieux* on Madame de Longueville's correspondence with Madame de Châtillon, and Mademoiselle de Montpensier speaks in her memoirs of her fondness for productions of that kind. The novelette* just edited by M. Forneron is an amusing item belonging to the same list. It would be difficult to determine who was the author of it; all we can say with certainty is that a lady must be held responsible for this episode in the *chronique scandaleuse* of the French seventeenth century, and that suspicions are divided between the Duchesse de Chevreuse and the Princess Palatine, both rivals of Madame d'Aiguillon, the niece of the formidable Cardinal.

Whilst M. Léon Renier and M. Waddington keep on publishing large collections of epigraphic monuments, various parts of France have been diligently explored for the same purpose, and monographs are announced from time to time which will supply materials towards the composition of larger works. Facts must come first, and the great thing at present is to bring together as many of these facts as can possibly be identified. M. Ch. Robert has undertaken this task for the department of the Moselle†, and the first *livraison* of his *Épigraphie* had been printed off before the Prussian invasion. The work is devoted to a scientific account of the Roman and Gallo-Roman inscriptions collected and classified in the province with which M. Robert is more specially connected. The author having adopted the alphabetical order, we find here a description of the local monuments dedicated to Æsculapius, Apollo, Castor and Pollux, Epona, Genius Leucorum, Hercules, Isis and Serapis, and Jupiter. Each inscription is commented on by M. Robert, who does not forget to mention all the circumstances bearing upon the discovery. The engravings, being taken from photographs, are strictly accurate. We must hope that the learned epigraphist will be able, at no distant period, to continue and complete his work.

Since the famous *Pictographie américaine* startled the learned societies of Europe ten years ago, and brought so thoroughly into ridicule the names of M. Paul Lacroix and the Abbé Domenech, we have heard very little about the antiquities of America, and critics have been afraid of venturing upon a ground where mystification was rampant. Within the last few months, however, the second volume has appeared of a splendid work‡, published at the Paris Imperial printing press, composed by the Abbé Brasseur de Bourbourg, and which is certainly a most remarkable production whether we discuss it from an historical or a philological point of view. It is quite impossible to give in a brief paragraph more than an idea of the *Manuscrit Troano*: we can only say that by this name is designated a codex belonging to Don Juan de Tro y Ortolano, Professor of Paleography at the University of Madrid. If we may believe the Abbé, the Troano MS. contains a Mexican epic of the highest antiquity, relating chiefly to the various episodes of the pre-historic flood which swept over America. Here, let us add, a preliminary question suggests itself; is the famous codex authentic? On this important point doubts may be allowed, and M. Brasseur de Bourbourg unfortunately gives us no information whatever. We must also confess that, interesting as his remarks on the Maya language are, they seem to us often inadmissible. What, for example, will philologists think of such assertions as the following—*Rhea* is a Quiché substantive; *Κυβίλη* must be classed amongst Maya names; the words *pétiller*, *pétulance*, are derived from Mexican roots? With hypotheses of this kind before us, we must be excused from believing in M. Brasseur de Bourbourg's theories on language, and we cannot be charged with ultra-scepticism if we want to know something more definite about the origin of the Troano MS.

M. Brachet's reputation as a writer on linguistics is now thoroughly established; his *Grammaire historique de la langue française*, translated into English by Mr. Kitchin and printed at the Clarendon press, has become a school-book even on this side of the Channel; the Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-lettres awarded a year ago one of its most valuable prizes to his *Dictionnaire des doubles formes*. We have now to announce an excellent dictionary§ published by the same author, which contains in a succinct and elementary form the latest results of etymological research as applied to the French language. To critics who still regard the science of comparative philology as essentially conjectural we would only recommend an unbiassed study of M. Brachet's Dictionary, and of the excellent introduction by which it is preceded. Nothing can be imagined more simple, more matter of fact, more thoroughly logical. The introduction itself is a development of the appendix to the author's Grammar, and it fully explains the laws which make etymology as real a science as geometry or algebra. M. Émile Egger's interesting preface gives us a brief account of the progress of philology in France since the days when Turgot wrote his article on etymology for the *Encyclopédie*.

* *Voyage archéologique en Grèce et en Asie Mineure*. Par Ph. Le Bas. Paris: Didot.

† *L'Année d'un Ermite*. Par Jules Levallois. Paris: Lacroix.

‡ *Archives de Zoologie expérimentale et générale*. [Publiées par le Dr. Lacaze-Duthiers. Paris: Germer-Baillière.

§ *Recueil de Fragments historiques sur les derniers Valois*. Par M. Eudel du Gord. Paris: Didot.

|| *Épilogue à l'Art chrétien*. Par M. Rio. Fribourg en Brisgau: Herder.

* *Les Amours du cardinal de Richelieu*; roman inédit de l'hôtel de Rambouillet. Paris: Plon.

† *Épigraphie de la Moselle*; étude. Par Ch. Robert. 1^{re} fascicule. Paris: Lévy.

‡ *Manuscrit Troano. Études sur le système graphique et la langue des Mayas*. Par M. Brasseur de Bourbourg. Paris: Maisonneuve.

§ *Dictionnaire étymologique de la langue française*. Par A. Brachet. Avec une Préface par E. Egger. Paris: Hetzel.

M. Proudhon was a politician held in suspicion almost equally by conservatives and by revolutionists.* He wanted a sweeping reform of society, it is true, but it must be a reform in accordance with views which were peculiarly his own. The little volume before us, incomplete and crude as it is, will be welcomed by many readers, and we have to thank M. Boutteville for publishing it; the drift of it may thus be summed up:—equal insufficiency of all French Constitutions since 1789; absurdity of the electoral system, the working of which, either through universal or limited suffrage, has always been the abdication of the national sovereignty. Whilst maintaining these two propositions M. Proudhon examines *seriatim* the various Government programmes sprung from the Revolution, and he upholds the federative system in opposition to that of centralization.

Popular writers on science abound; every day sees new works published or announced which are intended to place the elements of knowledge within the reach of the poorest student. Messrs. Hachette's *Bibliothèque des Merveilles*, so frequently noticed in our columns, is an admirable specimen of works of this kind. M. Pagnerre now advertises, under the title *Bibliothèque utile*, a set of volumes more modest still in their appearance, and which have not even the indispensable advantage of woodcut illustrations. M. Benjamin Gastineau is the author of one of these brochures†; he discourses of progress, and gives a sketch of the principal men whose genius or perseverance has done most for science and industry. Within the short space of 180 pages it was of course impossible to do more than go rapidly over the ground. M. Gastineau, therefore, must be regarded as a mere guide for those readers who, with some amount of leisure at their disposal, can study thoroughly the biographies referred to in this instalment of the *Bibliothèque utile*.

M. Victor Meunier has contributed to the same series a small volume on zoological philosophy.‡ From the title we see at once that he is not satisfied with describing facts, but launches forth into the difficult problems of the origin of species, heterogenesis, and metamorphosis. He begins his preface by drawing a parallel between Cuvier and Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire as naturalists, pointing out what he considers to be the radical defect of the system maintained by the former. Of course he admits that we must describe facts, and describe them with the utmost possible accuracy; but we should not stop there. Philosophical ideas are, he conceives, the true harvest which is to be reaped from the bosom of nature. The naturalist is a thinker as well as an observer; his work is both synthetical and analytical; and it is useless to gather materials if we do not employ them in the construction of an edifice. M. Victor Meunier, then, adopts the views of Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire, and it is under their inspiration that he writes his interesting volume.

The name of M. Maurice Block affixed to a work on political economy is a sufficient guarantee of its accuracy and completeness. We can cordially recommend the *Annuaire de l'Economie politique* § which he has published with the assistance of able collaborateurs. It is divided into five parts, treating respectively—1, of France in general; 2, of the city of Paris; 3, of Algeria and the French colonies; 4, of foreign countries; 5, of miscellaneous questions. The statistical tables are of the most varied and useful nature, and in the concluding section of his volume M. Block has given a summary of the principal events relative to political economy which happened in Europe and America during the year 1869. A valuable bibliographical list terminates the *Annuaire*.

* *Histoire du mouvement constitutionnel au XIX^e siècle*. Par P. T. Proudhon. Paris: Lacroix.

† *Bibliothèque utile. Les génies de la science et de l'industrie*. Par Benj. Gastineau. Paris: Pagnerre.

‡ *Philosophie zoologique*. Par Victor Meunier. Paris: Pagnerre.

§ *Annuaire de l'Economie politique et de la Statistique pour 1870*. Par M. Maurice Block. Paris: Guillaumin.

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We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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Deposits received for fixed periods on the following terms, viz.:

At 5 per cent. per annum, subject to 12 months' Notice of Withdrawal.

At 4 ditto ditto 6 ditto ditto

At 3 ditto ditto 5 ditto ditto

Bills issued at the current exchange of the day on any of the Branches of the Bank, free of extra charge; and Approved Bills purchased or sent for collection.

Sales and Purchases effected in British and Foreign Securities, in East India Stock and Loans, and the safe custody of the same undertaken.

Interest drawn, and Army, Navy, and Civil Pay and Pensions realized.

Every other description of Banking Business and Money Agency, British and Indian, transacted.

J. THOMSON, Chairman.

IMPERIAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,
1 OLD BROAD STREET, E.C., and 16 and 17 PALL MALL, S.W.

INSTITUTED 1803.

CAPITAL, £1,000,000. PAID UP AND INVESTED, £700,000.

Insurances against Fire can be effected with this Company on every description of Property, at moderate rates of premium.

Septennial Policies charged only Six Years' Premium.

The usual Commission allowed on Foreign and Ship Insurances.

JAMES HOLLAND, Superintendent.

IMPERIAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.
CHIEF OFFICE—1 OLD BROAD STREET, LONDON.
BRANCH OFFICE—16 PALL MALL, LONDON.

INSTITUTED 1803.

The Liabilities are, in respect of Sums Assured and Bonuses, £3,750,000; and in respect of Annuities only 2500 per annum.

The Assets actually invested in First-class Securities amount to £274,021.

Of the Subscribed Capital of £750,000, only £75,000 is paid up.

All kinds of Assurance effected at moderate rates and on very liberal conditions.

Prospectus and Balance Sheet to be had on application.

ANDREW BADEN, Actuary and Manager.

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For FIRE, LIFE, and MARINE ASSURANCES.

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OFFICE—7 ROYAL EXCHANGE, LONDON, E.C.

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